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Editor

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*Pan-Pacific Press Photo*

WAILUKU, PRINCIPAL TOWN OF THE ISLAND OF MAUI, TERRITORY OF HAWAII, IS ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL LOCALITIES. SITUATED AT THE MOUTH OF IAO VALLEY, THE TOWN IS FLANKED BY FIELDS OF SUGAR CANE GROWING ON GROUND OVER WHICH ANCIENT TRIBAL BATTLES RAGED. IN 1823, A CHINESE, HUNGTAI, SET UP A CRUDE CANE PRESS AND BOILED SUGAR CANE, BECOMING ONE OF THE PIONEERS IN HAWAII'S NOW ALL-IMPORTANT INDUSTRY. IN 1836, WAILUKU WAS THE HEADQUARTERS FOR THE AMERICAN PROTESTANT MISSION WHICH ATTEMPTED TO INTEREST THE HAWAIIANS IN AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS. IT IS NOW THE COMMERCIAL AND GOVERNMENTAL CENTER OF THE ISLAND

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# Back to School

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

*President General, N. S. D. A. R.*

## SEPTEMBER, AND BACK TO SCHOOL!

Within a few weeks many of you will discover how the curriculum has changed since the days of your schooling. Some of you will hear complaints. Schools were never meant for glee clubs, brass bands, fashion shows, art exhibits and hobby shows! Citizens should not be expected to support such projects!

Those who complain may not recognize the changes in their community during one generation. The playhouse built high in the apple tree, the tennis court in the side yard, the rowboat on the river, the pine needle and maple-leaf houses in the grove nearby; all are gone. New homes reach far out into the suburbs. Open spaces have gone into business.

What has this to do with schools?

In passing an abandoned country railway station, I have watched one window after another disappear until, within perhaps two years, there is not a single whole pane left in the building. This situation is duplicated in many a closed factory.

Another community began a campaign to beautify the entire city at Christmas time by lighting its evergreen trees. The breakage and theft of the bulbs was so great that most families have now abandoned the idea.

Last fall I had occasion to walk through a long moving train. Four cars were filled with boys of from perhaps twelve to sixteen years. Passage through any of these cars was impossible until the aisles were cleared of boys huddled together shooting dice. Their money left on the floor was mostly of dimes and quarters. As I stepped on some coins, I said: "Under my one foot is enough money for a good dinner in the dining car." The only reply was loud laughter. A city newspaper had rewarded nearly two hundred of its best sales boys with a sight-seeing trip to a great city. For two days the boys had seen the products of man's greatest effort, yet nothing had been planned to occupy the youngsters during the four-hour ride each way. Finally, back in a corner, four boys were singing to the accompaniment of a ukelele, their voices drowned by the general shouting.

These incidents, common in similar cases throughout our land, indicate that one of the greatest educational problems of the day is to develop a right use of leisure and a decent respect for the rights of others. If our crime wave is to be crushed, a higher general standard of citizenship must be evolved.

Whose is the responsibility? Does it belong to the school? Does it belong to the church? To the home? Or does it belong to the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, to Rotary, to Kiwanis, to Civitan, to the Parent-Teacher Associations, to the Women's Clubs, or to the Daughters of the American Revolution?

Perhaps it belongs to all.

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THE KAWAIAHAO CHURCH, BUILT OF CORAL BLOCKS, WAS COMPLETED IN 1842. IT IS SAID BY MANY ARCHITECTS TO BE AS FINE AN EXAMPLE OF PURE COLONIAL CHURCH DESIGN AS EXISTS ANYWHERE. IT STILL SERVES AS THE PROTESTANT CATHEDRAL FOR HAWAIIANS

## The Basis of Civilization in Hawaii

HENRY P. JUDD

*Dr. Judd is the son of Agnes Hall Boyd Judd, organizer of the first chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Aloha, in Hawaii, a year before annexation, and the grandson of Dr. Gerrit Parmele Judd, a pioneer missionary who arrived in Hawaii in 1828*

IT was most fortunate that the basis of civilization in Hawaii was laid down by emissaries of Christ instead of Mammon. The first inhabitants of the islands were from Tahiti, probably a thousand years ago. They brought with them their conceptions of deity—four major gods and several minor divinities. They introduced the tabu system and other features of Polynesian culture. These things came to the attention of the European world for the first time when Captain James Cook visited Hawaii in 1778. The next forty years saw a gradual change in the life of the people as new customs, ideas and material were introduced from America and Europe by traders, adventurers, and the navies of strong nations.

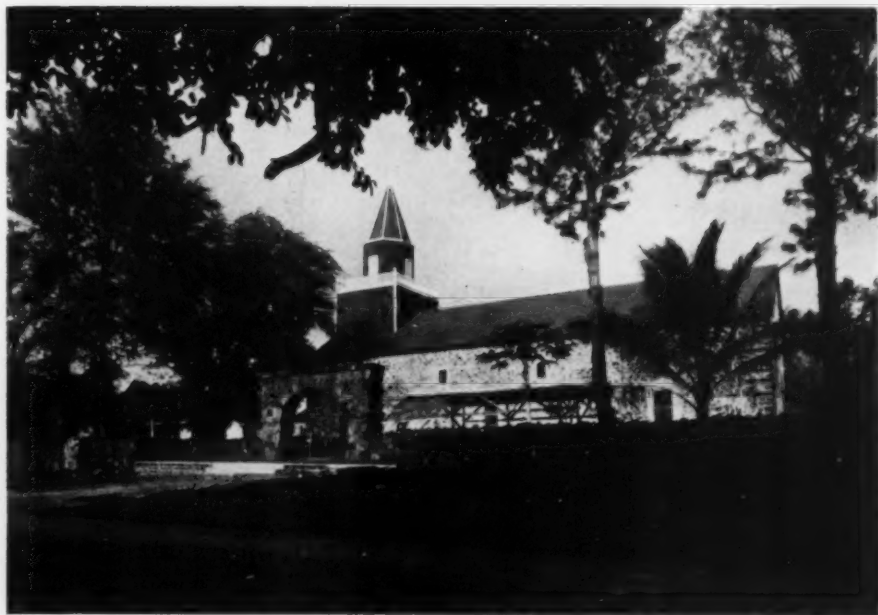
With the death of the great Kamehameha in 1819 and the subsequent overthrow of

the tabu system, the disintegration of religion paved the way for the introduction of Christianity on the part of devoted American men and women arriving in 1820.

The story of American missions in Hawaii is a thrilling one—their welcome by the chiefs who assisted greatly in the inception of the enterprise which had such a marked influence in moulding civilization; their success in introducing the arts of reading and writing which met with such instant response from chiefs and commoners alike; their establishment of churches throughout the group, sanctioned by the sovereigns and chiefs; their devotion to the service of the King of Kings as well as to the Kings of Hawaii.

American civilization has been symbolized by the three symbols of the church,





THE OLD NATIVE CHURCH IN KAILUA, HAWAII, ERECTED IN 1820. IT IS THE FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH ERECTED IN THE ISLANDS

the home and the school. The pioneers of the Word of God brought these three institutions with them. The first church of Honolulu had been organized in Boston, composed of the first missionaries and some Hawaiians returning to their native land in the *Thaddeus*. This church is now called Kawaiahao Church, located near the Civic Center in Honolulu.

A system of churches was established throughout the islands in important places. They were centers for the proclamation of the Gospel of Christ and for the residence of the Americans who were examples of industry, faithfulness and Christian service. This meant the setting up of American homes with object lessons in home-making, good housekeeping, proper care of children, cleanliness, orderliness and family discipline. These American homes were as potent in teaching civilization as the work of the churches and schools combined. Kaahumanu, the queen regent, was tremendously impressed by the ability of the American women in dress-making and in providing appetizing meals for the family. Many Hawaiian women followed the ex-

ample of Mrs. Armstrong of Wailuku, for instance, who spent much time in making a flower-garden and planting trees. Many of the native homes soon had their own gardens and tree plots.

The New England missionaries were men and women of learning. The men had been trained in classical courses in college and in theological seminaries. They knew their Latin and Greek and Hebrew. They set up day schools for adult Hawaiians, also high schools and manual training schools and institutions for the education of girls and for the education of native preachers and teachers. The Hawaiians became a literate people.

This was the type of civilization brought to Hawaii more than 117 years ago and wrought into the very fiber of national life. The church, the home and the school were the three accepted institutions that exerted such powerful influence among the people. The Hawaiians from 1820 onward were steeped in the spirit of these symbols of American life.

In the further evolution of civilization here, influences from the Orient became in-

*Pan-Pacific Press Photo*

## THE CHINESE CHURCH OF CHRIST, LOCATED IN HONOLULU

creasingly noticeable with the coming of immigrants from China, Japan, Korea and the Philippines. These newcomers found here the American type of life, seeing churches, schools and homes different from their own. Some of the immigrants became interested in these new things. It was a rich field for missionary effort; many converts were made. To be sure, many of these new people have maintained their own beliefs, un-American as they appear to us. But the influence of American institutions has its effect.

We see these American men and women holding fast to their ideals of a consecrated life, maintaining the work of the churches in spite of many discouragements, keeping up the schools after their novelty had worn

off, insisting on the home as a necessary factor in developing Christian civilization. It is when we think of this historical background and of the unselfish company of Americans engaged in this noble work that we get the true perspective of civilization here.

The foundations that were laid were of the very finest material. The building was done by men and women of vision, of perseverance and of charitable lives. They erected the right kind of institutions and they worked with the right spirit. As a consequence we, their descendants in the flesh or in the spirit, have entered into their labors and enjoyed the fruits from what they wrought.



MISSION HOME, THE OLDEST FRAME BUILDING IN THE ISLANDS, WHICH WAS OCCUPIED IN 1821

The atmosphere of hospitality and kindness prevails and is commented on most favorably by visitors. Hawaii is a real home for an ever-increasing number of people who owe a debt of gratitude to the American pioneers who braved unknown

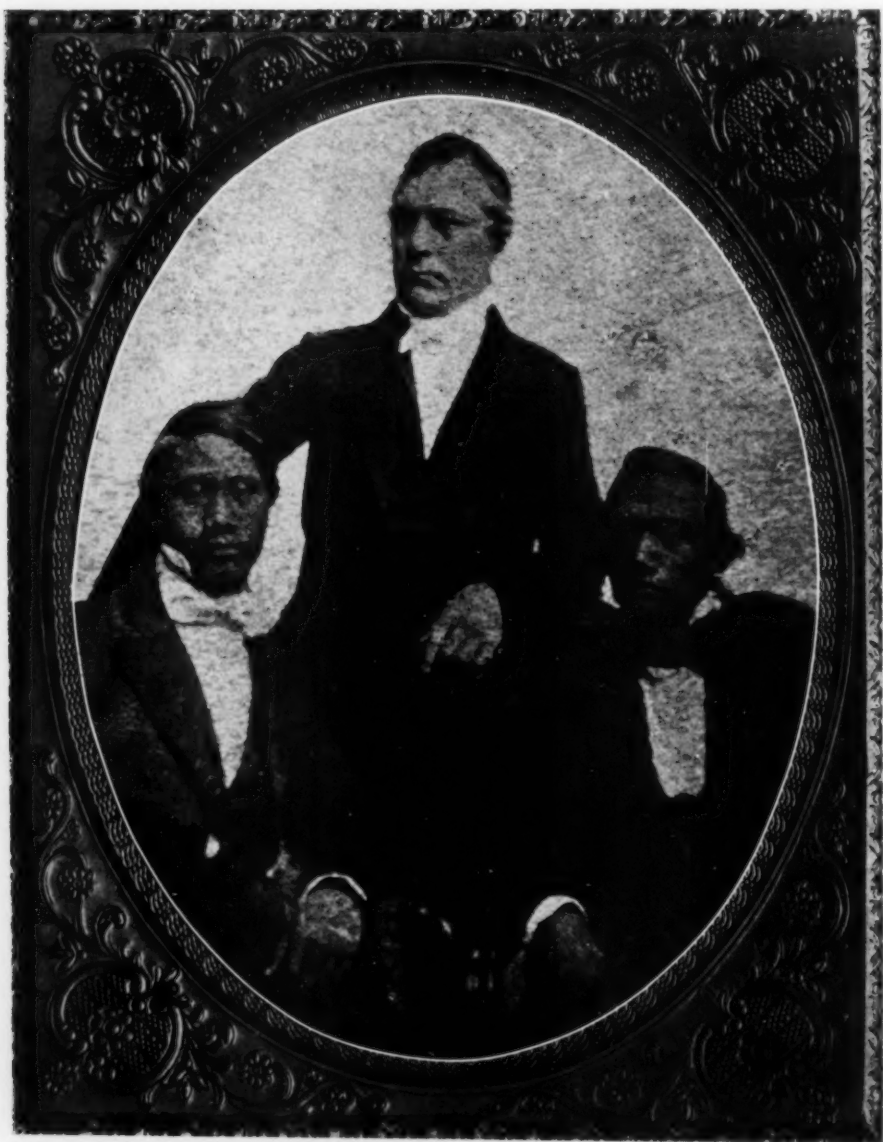
perils around Cape Horn in order that they might bring the Light of the World to those who were sitting in darkness.

We are proud of the splendid work of the Americans who laid the foundations of Christian civilization in Hawaii.



*From a print made by a member of Captain Cook's Party*

AN OFFERING BEFORE CAPTAIN COOK, IN ONE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS



*From a daguerreotype in the possession of Mrs. William P. Massey, a great-granddaughter*

DR. GERRIT PARMELE JUDD WITH ALEXANDER LIHOLIHO AND LOT KAMEHAMEHA, THE HAWAIIAN PRINCES HE TOOK TO EUROPE TO BE EDUCATED IN 1849. "IT HAS PLEASED THE KING TO NOMINATE G. P. JUDD, HIS MINISTER OF FINANCE, AS HIS MAJESTY'S SPECIAL COMMISSIONER AND PLENIPOTENTIARY EXTRAORDINARY TO THE GOVERNMENTS OF FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND THE UNITED STATES"—HONOLULU, SKETCHES OF THE SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS LIFE IN THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS FROM 1828 TO 1861 BY LAURA FISH JUDD



*From a daguerreotype in the possession of Mrs. William P. Massey, a granddaughter*

EMILY CUTTS JUDD, WIFE OF COL. CHARLES HASTINGS JUDD, CHAMBERLAIN TO KALAKAUA, THE LAST HAWAIIAN KING. EMILY CUTTS JUDD WAS BORN AT PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE, WHERE THE CUTTS FAMILY WAS AMONG THE ORIGINAL SETTLERS. SHE ATTENDED MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE, AND AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN, SAILED FROM NEW BEDFORD FOR HONOLULU TO VISIT HER AUNT, KATIE WHITNEY. THE TRIP TOOK HER AROUND THE HORN. IN HONOLULU SHE MET AND MARRIED CHARLES HASTINGS JUDD



From an engraving by the Rev. Lorrin Andrews

IN 1830, THE REV. LORRIN ANDREWS TAUGHT HIMSELF COPPER PLATE ENGRAVING. HE BEGGED COPPER FROM THE WHALING SHIPS AND THEREBY ESTABLISHED, WITHOUT COST TO THE MISSION, AN ENTERPRISE FAR-REACHING IN THE FUTURE. LAHAINALUNA SEMINARY IS VISIBLE IN THE FOREGROUND

## The Progress of Education in Hawaii

LILIAN SHREWSBURY MESICK

EXTRACT FROM THE CENTENNIAL BOOK.—*"It was the wonder of the communicability of thought through written or printed forms that more than captured the imagination of the native mind. Probably no people has ever evinced a more ardent desire for learning."*

*"By 1832 there were 900 schools with as many native teachers and 53,000 pupils, mostly adults—forty per cent of the population. By 1846 eighty per cent of the people could read. Nor was teaching confined to the three r's or to mere cultural training. In 1831, a higher institution was founded at Lahainaluna for the training of teachers and religious assistants. . . . In 1843 'The Friend,' the oldest newspaper west of the Mississippi was founded and continues to the present as the organ of the Hawaiian Board of Missions"*

**P**IONEERS of the Hawaiian people had established themselves, a thousand years before the discovery of the American continent, on the isolated group of islands destined to be their homeland. Here they builded their habitations and reared the temples of their ancient and many idols. The laws of their land and the commandments of their faith were embodied in the tabus (things forbidden) authorized by their ruling chiefs and administered both by them and by the sinister and powerful priesthood. The desecration of a tabu,

therefore, was not alone a crime; it was a sin, and the penalty was usually death.

Lacking means of permanently recording the tabus, the islanders were forced to memorize them, a task of great magnitude, these requirements being many and voluminous. This study constituted, in effect, the education of the Hawaiian people until the arrival of the Christian missionaries in 1820.

Lack of fusible metals greatly prolonged Hawaii's stone age, while its people fashioned with bone, shell, wood and with the





*Pan-Pacific Press Photo*

CASTLE HALL, PUNAHOU SCHOOL, HONOLULU, OCCUPIES THE HIGHEST SPOT ON THE CAMPUS OF THE OLDEST PRIVATE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION IN THE UNITED STATES WEST OF THE ROCKIES. FOUNDED IN 1841 BY AMERICAN MISSIONARIES, THIS SCHOOL TAUGHT THE THREE R'S TO BOYS AND GIRLS FROM CALIFORNIA BEFORE SCHOOLS WERE ESTABLISHED IN THAT STATE

inferior stone their islands offered, their fishing apparatus, their musical instruments and all else of the kind they possessed. Yet, despite this disadvantage, these islanders are said to have advanced more in civilization and to have developed more crafts than any other primitive people of long isolation known to history.

But the islands were to experience a change, unforeseen and momentous. Out of the sea came the white sail of the foreigner. It was in the year 1778 that British ships happened to sight our islands in passing. Vessels of several countries followed as the years passed, a number bearing the flag of the newly created United States of America.

Presently a small group of foreigners

became citizens here—strange men whose impious disregard for the sacred tabus brought no rebuke from the government nor from the offended gods. The tabu-ridden people observed this and pondered, the eventual result being that in November 1819, led by the ruling chiefs and a number of the priesthood, they demolished the temples and destroyed the idols. On no other occasion, it is said, have a people voluntarily discarded their national faith before becoming converted to another.

But even then and unknown to the islanders, a missionary ship, bearing not alone the sacred scriptures destined to become a guiding light to their bewildered feet, but a printing press which was to be a potent factor in their civilization, was nearing

*Pan-Pacific Press Photo*

OLD SCHOOL HALL, BUILT ELEVEN YEARS AFTER PUNAHOU SCHOOL, HONOLULU

Hawaii. No century-long transition from their stone to their iron age for Hawaii's people. Suddenly as a shaft of light illumines a dark roadway it came—the same civilization, carried westward, that had budded in the monasteries of old England to flower later on the free soil of America.

Schools were established basing their extremely elemental curriculum on an alphabet of twelve letters evolved by the missionaries. Graduates of the first schools became teachers, and new schools were opened. Education for young and old soon became general—and very fashionable—throughout Hawaii.

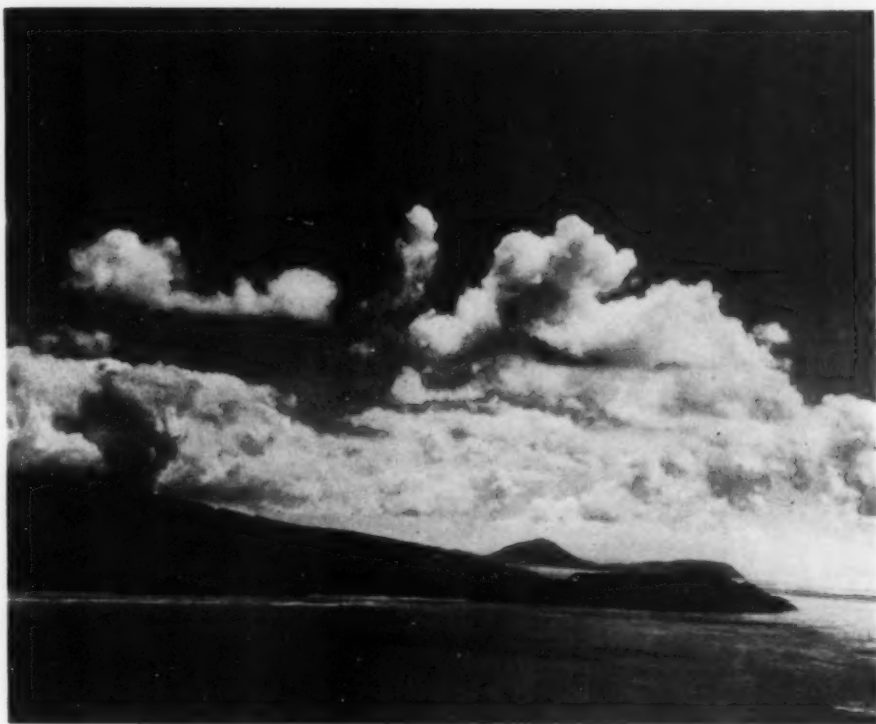
Many learned to read from few books. They taught each other by making use of banana leaves, smooth stones, and wet sand as tablets.

In 1831, Lahainaluna Seminary, first vocational school west of the Mississippi, was opened. Five years later the Hilo Boarding School began its work. Excellent results achieved by these institutions inspired

the founding of Hampton Institute and the Tuskegee Normal Institute.

In 1841 a law was passed providing for the support of our common schools by the government, the more advanced work remaining under the care of the missionaries. Later this, also, was assumed by the government. The Board of Education was organized in 1865. In 1888 a normal training department began its work. High school activities were begun at about the same time. English as the basis of instruction was made compulsory in all public schools of Hawaii in 1896. The University of Hawaii was established in 1906.

Our university has become the nucleus of research in several of the higher branches of learning and in the study of the peoples of the Pacific area. Co-operating with the United States Agricultural Station and the Hawaiian Pineapple Packers experimental work, it leads in sub-tropical agriculture. Its School of Religions serves as a center for cultural study and research.



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

A SQUADRON ARRIVING IN HONOLULU, AFTER A FLIGHT FROM SAN DIEGO

## Hawaii—America's Outpost

SAMUEL WILDER KING

*Delegate to Congress from Hawaii*

IN the mid-Pacific Ocean, farther from a main body of land than any other surface on the globe, lies the Territory of Hawaii, where rare scenic beauty unites with the grim reality of national defense to form America's Outpost.

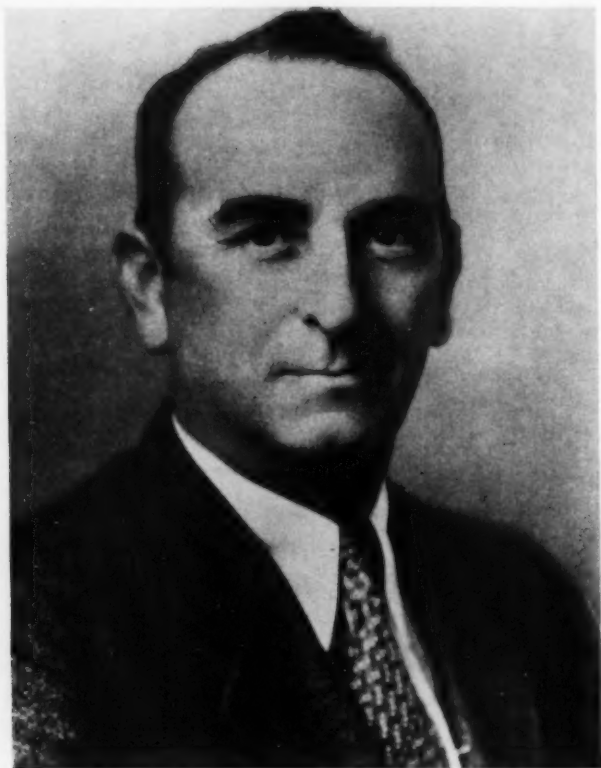
Military strategists seeking to create a military frontier designed to make the nation invulnerable from the west probably would have been unable to choose a better site than these eight islands. Viewed from the military standpoint, there is probably no nation having so valuable a territory not contiguous to its mainland.

A casual glance at the map of the Pacific Ocean—which covers one-third of the

earth's surface—will disclose the tremendous strategic advantage accruing to the bordering nation which flies its flag over this archipelago.

San Francisco, on the American continent, lies 2,091 miles away. Yokohama is 3,394 miles; Manila, 4,838; Hongkong, 4,939; Sydney, 4,420, and Panama, 4,685 miles distant.

Thus, the American defense zone extends from Alaska in the north to Panama in the south. Visualize Hawaii as the spearhead of defensive forces and it is plain the area is rightly placed to command this area. Now visualize Hawaii as foreign, and you have an idea how an enemy force might



SAMUEL WILDER KING, DELEGATE TO CONGRESS FROM HAWAII

launch a sea and air attack on the American mainland.

But fortunately for our peace of mind, Hawaii is not foreign, but American. It is the last of the line of great fortresses that protected the westward march of the United States. It extends the radius of action of our fleet by over 2,000 miles. From Hawaii our ships could operate in a wide arc enclosing our California coast within a protective screen difficult, if not impossible, for a potential enemy to pierce.

Hawaii is not an offensive but a defensive base. There is even more open water between Hawaii and the Orient than between Hawaii and the American mainland. This distance exceeds the practical limits of offensive action.

There is still another valuable factor in

the location of these volcanic islands, self-protection for the base. The extreme distance of Hawaii from the mainland of a foreign power means the islands are not vulnerable to easy attack from foreign shores. No other power boasts a base so well defended by reason of its natural position.

While nature has blessed America in the creation of the islands, man has performed wonders in perfecting their natural advantages for the protection of the whole country. Modern implements of war, principally aircraft, are being utilized to constitute the Territory of Hawaii, the American Gibraltar.

Never has there been a war fought on the broad spaces of the great Pacific Ocean. No one can foretell whether such a calamity

will befall although it is profoundly hoped that no war will ever cause America to show its might. With wars on both continents, the future of international relations is shrouded in uncertainty, but it is certain that America never before was so well prepared for defense against an attack from the west.

Hawaii has been American for the past 40 years. Formerly a kingdom, then a republic, its independence fully recognized, Hawaii voluntarily joined with the great republic of the New World, the culture of which had permeated its social and industrial life. Annexation of Hawaii, in the words of President McKinley, was "not a change, but a consummation."

It was on August 12, 1898, that the Hawaiian flag was hauled down from Iolani Palace in Honolulu and the Stars and Stripes raised. Four days later a detachment of American troops set up a tent encampment in Kapiolani Park, on the beach at Waikiki, which was named Camp McKinley. These troops consisted of the 1st New York Volunteer Infantry and the 3rd Battalion, 2nd U. S. Volunteer Engineers.

This camp was maintained for five years during which time study was being made to determine a site for a permanent military establishment on the island of Oahu. The Kahauike Reservation finally was selected. Buildings were erected and the post was renamed Fort Shafter after the American Commander in Cuba during the Spanish-American war. Fort Shafter has been occupied continuously, and now houses the Departmental Headquarters from which Maj. Gen. Charles D. Herron directs operations of the Hawaiian Department. Besides the headquarters command, Fort Shafter also houses the 64th Coast Artillery, a mobile anti-aircraft regiment, equipped with giant searchlights and rapid firing guns to guard the entire area against attacks from hostile aircraft.

Twenty-five miles from Honolulu, up a mountain pass formed by the Waianae and Koolau ranges, is the largest Army post under the flag—Schofield Barracks. Here is the Hawaiian division, with infantry, artillery and tank forces, ground, sea and air defense guns. Motorized to high degree, the forces are capable of reaching any point in the island in a short time.

Large sums have been expended on the development and improvement of various roads and trails to insure mobility of the various forces. Well paved highways run between the mountains, others encircle the island, while numerous crossroads traverse the mountains to either coast. A network of trails affords numerous vantage points for observation.

There is now under construction near Honolulu a military air field which probably will be without a peer anywhere in the world, Hickam Field. Bombardment, attack and pursuit squadrons now stationed in Hawaii probably will be augmented to make this one of the finest combat units anywhere. Brig. Gen. Barton K. Yount commands the Hawaiian air forces.

The military is only one part of the story which when fully told reveals Hawaii the most heavily fortified part of America. Assuming that any nation bore warlike intentions toward the United States, its strategists would have to reckon first with a place glamorously named Pearl Harbor. Here, amid the soft murmur of the sea and the swish of the cocoanut fronds, is America's most redoubtable naval base.

Pearl Harbor is a landlocked body of water, eight miles from Honolulu, accessible through a narrow entrance channel. The entire fleet can be berthed there. Nearby in open water a fleet anchorage is being perfected to serve as the Scapa Flow from which the armada can steam forth at a moment's notice to intercept an approaching enemy force. The already extensive facilities for repair and servicing of vessels are being improved to maintain even the largest vessels at their highest efficiency.

The value of Pearl Harbor was recognized by American naval commanders more than a century ago. Before annexation, treaties had been made between the American and Hawaiian governments by which the former gained the sole right to use the harbor for military purposes. This right proved of great importance in the Spanish-American war. Admiral Dewey coaled his ships there on his way to engage the Spaniards at Manila Bay.

It has been estimated that the navy has spent more than \$200,000,000 at Pearl Harbor. The army has spent probably twice this sum in fortifications and coast

defenses to carry out its task of protecting the fleet naval base. Further large sums are to be expended.

Maintenance of the large army and navy establishments requires a tremendous amount of supplies and material. Authorities naturally are reticent concerning details, but there is no doubt that large reserves of fuel, ammunition and other necessary materials have been stored away, frequently cached in the sides of the mountains, as insurance against any threats to America's safety.

There are important psychological conditions contributing to the effectiveness of America's Outpost. Through long association with the military, the people of Hawaii have become distinctly "service-minded," to a greater degree than people in the average mainland community. A Congressional committee, that recently visited the islands, reported:

"The closest cooperation exists between the services and the community and local governments. The Territorial government

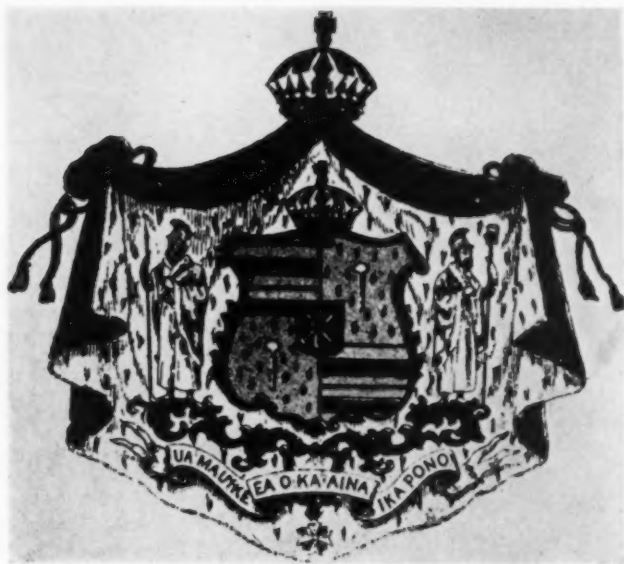
maintains jointly with the United States War Department a proportionately larger National Guard than any state of the Union. Practically every citizen who has been able to qualify is enrolled in the Army or Naval Reserves. The University of Hawaii and the three leading schools of high school standing have splendid Reserve Officers' Training Corps units. The loyalty displayed by the people of Hawaii during the World War, when they exceeded their draft quota, can certainly be expected to be repeated if America should again be engaged in war regardless of whom the enemy might be."

Hawaii extends welcome to the new cruiser U.S.S. Honolulu, the first major ship to be named for the Territory or its capital city. Ties already strong between the mainland and its Territory in the mid-Pacific are being strengthened as greater knowledge spreads concerning the "Paradise of the Pacific." As always, Hawaii stands ready and willing to do its part, in peace or war.



THE DOORWAY TO AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP. HONOLULU'S NEW IMMIGRATION STATION





HAWAIIAN COAT OF ARMS

## A King's Design

THE design of the royal coat of arms was original and was made by the lamented Haalilio. The drawings of these emblems and the ornaments were taken from the original articles presented to Captain Cook by Kalaiopuu. Then in 1845 the design was adopted by the legislative council.

The white balls on a staff were emblems of the country and were called Puloulou. They were placed to the right and left of the gateway or door of the King's house, indicating protection to those entering—a place of refuge.

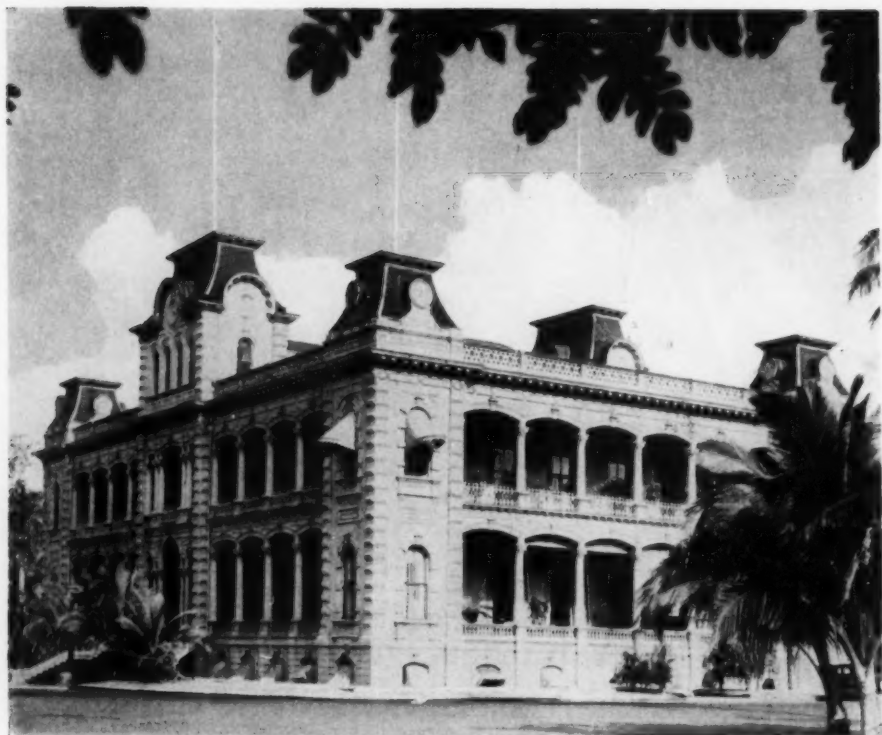
The bars of red, white and blue were the result of British influence. Yellow and black represented colors used by high chiefs and the royal family. The triangular flag at the fess point, or center of the escutcheon, was an ancient flag of the Hawaiian chiefs, which was raised at sea above the sail of their canoes. It was placed in a leaning position in front of the King's house to indicate both tabu and protection. The name of the flag was Puela, and the name of the cross of spears on which it lies is Alia.

The crest above the escutcheon is a crown which is ornamented by taro leaves. The

two men are clothed in the ancient feather cloaks and helmets. One bears a kahili or feather-topped staff, indicating the presence of royalty, and the other holds a spear. These men were twins, high chiefs of Kona, Hawaii, called Kamanawa and Kameeia-moku. The latter was a devoted friend of Kamehameha the First.

The motto, "*Ua mau ke ea o ka aina i ka pono*," means "The life of the land is perpetuated by righteousness." This refers to a speech of the King at the time of the Cession, February 25, 1843, and alludes to the righteousness of the British Government in returning the islands to their local sovereign, to the righteousness of the Hawaiian Government which secured the restoration, and to the general principle that it is only by righteousness that the national life is preserved.

The background of the whole represents the royal cloak made of thousands of tiny yellow feathers (two tufts only from a bird), tied into a finely woven net. This was the cloak of Kamehameha I, now in the Bishop Museum, Honolulu, and valued at more than a million dollars.



IOLANI PALACE, NOW CAPITOL OF THE TERRITORY OF HAWAII, AT HONOLULU

## From Iolani Palace to Washington Place

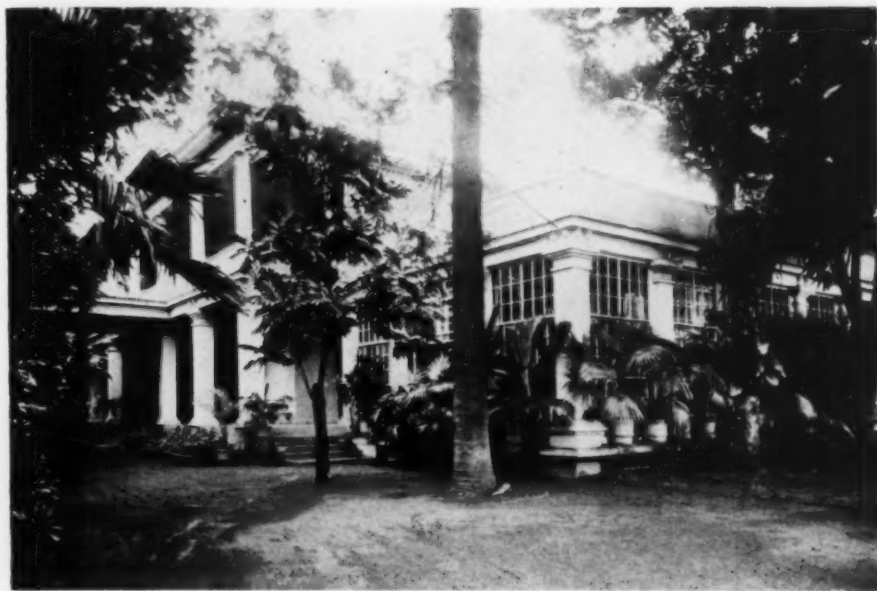
WINIFRED D. ROBERTSON

*State Regent of Hawaii*

**B**OTH Iolani Palace and Washington Place were the homes of royalty; the palace in the last days of the monarchy, Washington Place the home of a dethroned queen. At Iolani Palace the traditional inaccessibility of royal state, the protection of the person of the king, were insured by a high iron fence set in masonry surrounding the spacious grounds. Today the austerity of iron spikes is masked by crowding verdure, and the grounds afford a resting place for tired sightseers or a strategic viewpoint for Honolulu's numerous "parades." The palace, recently restored, boasts the only throne room in the United

States. Though this room has been carefully preserved, no longer does candlelight shine down on the society of royalty, on proud dusky faces, on sweeping robes of women making obeisance to king and queen—all the formality of a minor court. Today the background is as of yore, but electric light shines on a different scene.

The transition that saw Iolani Palace become the Capitol of Hawaii, that moved Liliuokalani to the retirement of Washington Place, there to live out her life as a dethroned queen, covered but a few brief years. The very year of the building of the palace foreshadowed political events



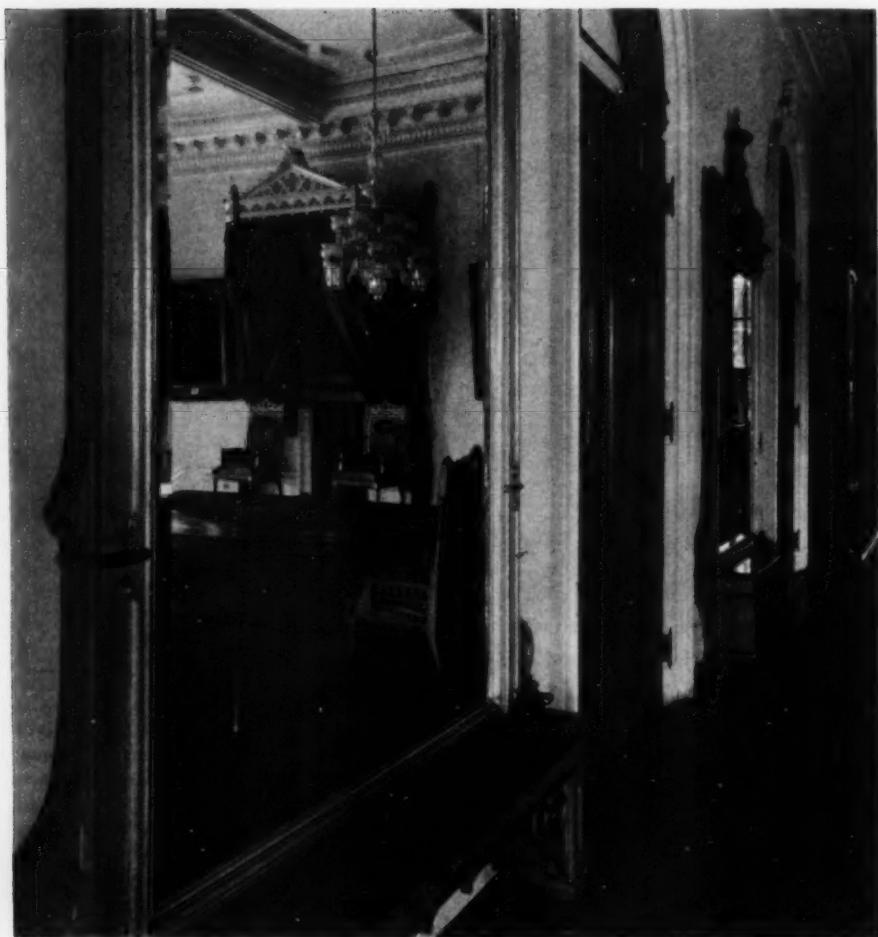
WASHINGTON PLACE, THE EXECUTIVE MANSION OF THE TERRITORY OF HAWAII, FORMERLY THE RESIDENCE OF QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

that were to prove more significant than even the most ardent supporters of American rapprochement could foresee. In 1880 King Kalakaua began his struggle to entrench himself in absolute power. With him came a reign of vice and extravagance and a new emphasis on the "Hawaii for Hawaiians" politics. Such abuses met the organized resistance of missionary sons and a large number of far-sighted, educated Hawaiians. This "resistance" became a "peaceful revolution," pressing from Kalakaua in 1887 a new constitution providing for responsible ministers. This check in power was quickly followed by the "insurrection" (1889). Kalakaua died in San Francisco in 1891, and his body was taken to Honolulu in the U.S.S. *Charleston*. His sister, Liliuokalani, whom he had nominated as his successor, was proclaimed Queen. She was even more eager than Kalakaua had been to remove the constitutional restrictions on the power of the Crown.

When it became known in 1892 that a new constitution, releasing all restrictions

on the royal authority and destroying the guarantees of the judiciary, was about to be promulgated, the leading citizens knew that decisive action was essential. Queen Liliuokalani was formally dethroned in 1893. Measures for annexation became most active at this period, but had to mark time through President Cleveland's term of office (the "Republic" in Hawaii), till the Spanish War with "Dewey in Manila" left no question in the minds of the American people as to the imperative need of acquiring the Hawaiian Islands.

At Washington Place the deposed queen made futile efforts for a time to recover her power and re-establish the throne. But even her most faithful followers saw the finality of the change and resigned themselves to the inevitable. Under the shadow of great banyan trees, behind flowering hedges, the old queen lived in peaceful "state", devoted to her music and memoirs. After her death the beautiful colonial mansion was renovated to become the official home of the governors of Hawaii.

*Pan-Pacific Press Photo*

THE ONLY THRONE IN AMERICA IS THAT IN THE ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING IN HAWAII, ONCE OCCUPIED BY KINGS AND QUEENS

Democracy now prevails where monarchy abdicated, but on every side evidence of former days serves as a constant reminder that the present has its roots in the past. The portraits of former rulers look down from the palace walls; the throne still stands, a symbol of transferred power; the royal jewels, crown, saber, scepter rest

in the nearby archives, relics of time past. Visitors who sign the guest book at Washington Place are shown the queen's own room, and feel the haunted air that always makes for retrospect. Democracy in Hawaii has the rich flavor of the dignity which descends from the formality of courts and the graciousness of sovereigns.

# Agriculture in Hawaii

FREDERICK G. KRAUSS

HAWAII-grown spuds "round the Horn" and back again! Such was the fine keeping quality of Hawaii's mountain-grown potatoes that the whale-ships which took on stores in Hawaiian waters not infrequently returned from their long whaling cruises north and south with remnants of the original potato stores intact. When these were fit for planting they were exchanged for new crop tubers and this trade continued for almost half a century. Since what is known as Hawaii's "whaling era" covers the period from 1820-1870, it is probable that Hawaii's earliest agricultural trade dealt largely with the humble spud, for in addition to the large supplies bought by whale-ships the exportation of potatoes to California from 1849 for a decade exceeded 50,000 barrels or close to a million pounds per annum.

In the Americanization of Hawaii which followed, diversified agriculture began to flourish in that many crops were grown experimentally and established permanently both for home consumption and for export, for when the haole or white man first came to Hawaii the crops grown and consumed by the natives were restricted largely to taro, sweet potatoes, bread fruit and bananas, although, be it recorded here, when Captain Cook first visited the Islands in 1778 he found swine and domestic fowl. These were fattened on taro and poi waste and cooked sweet potatoes, and formed part of the general diet of the chiefs, and the common people at feast times.

If we may judge from the accounts of the early Hawaiians both as to their numbers and physique they fared very well on their usually plentiful native diet of fish and seaweeds, taro and sweet potatoes, even before livestock of any kind had reached their shores, and no finer commentary and tribute can be paid the Hawaiian of an earlier day than to recall that over a long period of time with a population approximately that of today, these untutored native people provided their own subsistence, not only in large part, as we are now striving for at this advanced day, but wholly and totally so.

In Captain Cook's first visit (February 1, 1778), it is recorded that he brought three goats, a boar and a sow pig and in addition left seeds of melons, pumpkins, and onions. Ten years later the famous chief Kaina visited Canton, China, as the guest of Captain Meares, who, on his return trip to Hawaii, had on board cattle, goats and turkeys, besides orange and lemon trees and possibly loquats and litchi trees. Unfortunately most of the livestock perished in a storm before reaching their destination. The arrival in Hawaii of the Spaniard, Don Marin, in 1791 proved of great service to Hawaiian agriculture. Marin's diary shows that he brought and planted a large number of varieties of vegetables and fruits, including oranges, figs, and peaches. He also planted the first tobacco.

Vancouver's well known visit to the Kona coast of Hawaii in 1792 resulted in the introduction of more orange trees and in addition grape vines, coffee and cotton, and many other useful plants and seeds. On his second visit, returning from Monterey, California, anchoring off Kawaihae in 1793, he landed a bull and a cow (the first to reach the islands) as a present to Kamehameha. A short time later, on anchoring in Kealahou Bay, Vancouver was presented with fruits, vegetables and swine in generous quantities, evidently the product of Captain Cook's and Don Marin's earlier contributions. Before leaving the islands, Vancouver presented the king with his remaining livestock consisting of five cows and three sheep. On his third and last visit in January, 1794, Vancouver left more cattle and sheep for Kamehameha, who had in the meantime placed a tabu upon all cattle and sheep for a period of ten years.

The first important "export crop" from Hawaii was the sandal wood sent to China. This industry was at its height from 1800 to 1825, and while it brought wealth to the king and chiefs and enabled them to buy silks and other Chinese luxuries, as well as guns and ammunition, which the earlier navigators had refused them, it is doubtful if they as a whole were benefited, espe-



PINEAPPLE FIELDS, SHOWING THE YOUNG PLANTS PRICKING THROUGH STRIPS OF PAPER MADE OF BAGASSE, THE WASTE FIBER OF THE CRUSHED SUGAR CANE

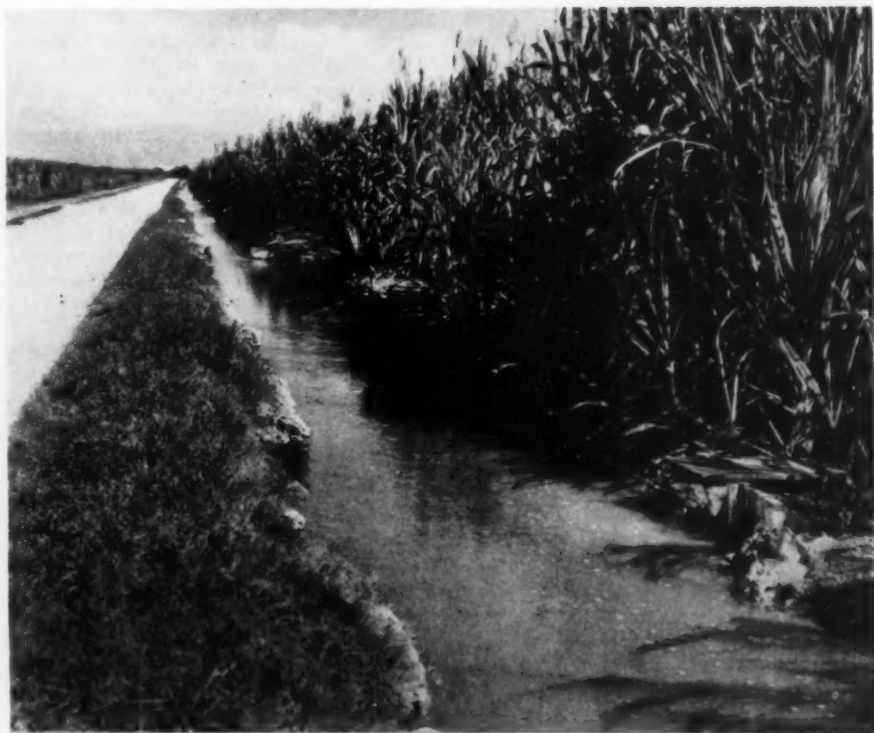
cially when liquors became commodities of such exchange. At this time, too, the roots of the "ti" began to be used for the manufacture of okolehao, which they learned from the sailors. In the midst of this period there occurred several severe famines, largely the result of consequential neglect of the general agriculture. Fortunately, Kamehameha was able to restore normalcy among the people through the example of his own abstinence, industry and always wise council among his chiefs and subjects. To Kamehameha's great credit should it be widely known that this enlightened monarch towards the end of his fruitful life (about 1818) ordered all stills to be destroyed and forbade the manufacture of any kind of liquor.

In 1825 Lord Byron arrived in the Sandwich Islands in the "Blonde," when he introduced coffee from Rio de Janeiro. The first plants are said to have been planted in Manoa Valley not far from where the University is now situated. From Oahu the crop spread to all of the islands, finding its

largest development on the Island of Hawaii, especially in Kona where eventually 5,000 acres were planted and gave subsistence to more than a thousand families. While coffee has had its ups and downs, mostly the latter, it has persisted for more than two-thirds of a century. The next agricultural enterprise following the introduction of coffee was Governor Boki's efforts to grow sugar in the Manoa Valley. This was about 1829. His object, however, was not to manufacture sugar but rather to distill the juice for liquor, but this effort gave way to other enterprises.

The first sugar plantation to manufacture sugar was started at Koloa, Kauai, in July, 1835. A second sugar plantation and mill was established at Kohala on the Island of Hawaii 1841 and another at Wailuku, Maui, soon afterwards. From that time on other sugar plantations were developed in rapid succession since this phase of agriculture was shown to be well suited to Hawaiian soils and climate and good markets were available for the prod-





A MAIN IRRIGATION DITCH BORDERING A FIELD OF GROWING SUGAR CANE. WATER IS A VITAL FACTOR IN THE SUCCESSFUL GROWTH OF CANE. HAWAIIAN PRODUCERS HAVE DEVELOPED IRRIGATION SYSTEMS WHICH BRING TO THE SUGAR CANE ONE TON OF WATER FOR EVERY POUND OF SUGAR IT YIELDS

uct. The laborers in the pioneering stage were mainly Hawaiians who received an average wage of 25 cents a day.

Not generally known is that silk was exported from Hawaii in 1844. Most of this was produced at Koloa, Kauai, where the first sugar was produced. However, the enterprise was not a financial success.

The first experiments in wheat growing were conducted in the Makawao district on Maui in 1845 and a few years later it became a flourishing minor industry. When gold was discovered in California Hawaii shipped large quantities of wheat and flour as well as potatoes and other produce to San Francisco. At this time Hawaii's well established sugar industry began to flourish apace, its product bringing 18 to 20 cents a pound in the California market.

Cotton likewise became a minor industry

during this period and a stone cotton mill was built at Kailua, Hawaii by Governor Kuakini. During Civil War times the Hawaiian Islands supplied large amounts of both sugar and cotton to the "States" at high prices, both commodities bringing 25 cents or more per pound.

The first great land reforms occurred in 1845 when at the advice of Dr. A. F. Judd and his colleagues the legislature passed an "Act" creating a "Board of Commissioners to Quit Land Titles". This did away with the ancient system of land tenure which was the cause of constant disputes with foreigners.

In August, 1850, the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society was organized and this fruitful enterprise for the advancement of Hawaii's agriculture lasted more than twenty years.

During this period (1858-1860) experiments in the culture of rice were undertaken by Mr. H. Holstein, the father of H. L. Holstein of Maui, former speaker of the Territorial House of Representatives. A decided success was achieved in this enterprise almost from the start, largely by virtue of the industrious and skillful rice farmers found among the Chinese contract sugar plantation laborers. It is recorded that in 1862 almost a million pounds of superior Sandwich Island rice were exported. Thereafter the industry flourished for a half century and then slowly began to decline so that the 10,000 acres once grown has dwindled to a tenth of that acreage.

Hawaii has not been without large general depressions in the past. During the decade 1850-1860 there prevailed a great agricultural slump and the farming business with all other enterprises was practically at a standstill, excepting for the trade brought by the whaling fleet. During the year 1859 one hundred and ninety-seven whaling ships visited the islands and "saved the day."

In the 70's the production of sugar was greatly augmented, largely by reason of the accessibility to cheap labor and the hope of reciprocity with the United States, which had, however, not yet been made certain of. The total exports of sugar in 1871 were valued at \$1,800,000, the highest thus far attained.

The final ratification of the treaty for commercial reciprocity with the United States in June, 1875, sixty odd years ago, was undoubtedly the most important political event in the commercial life of Hawaiian history, excepting only annexation itself. It ushered in an era of unexampled prosperity, agriculturally, industrially, and commercially, a classic in states-craft, culminated as if by a magician's wand. The production of not only sugar, but of rice and other products, increased five hundred to a thousand percent over what it was before the treaty. With government and private revenues increased to more than three times what they had been previously, much of the increased wealth was invested in public and private improvements, as well as the extension of the major industries, and it is conservative to say that by 1890 the government was spending more

than three fold for schools, health and other welfare of the people than ever before.

In 1892 the legislature established the bureau now known as the Board of Commissioners of Agriculture and Forestry. This institution was created to provide every possible aid to the small independent farmers and homesteaders generally, and also for regulatory purposes, such as quarantines against the introduction of plant diseases and insect pests, dairy inspection, etc. Especially has this important branch of government been responsible for wide spread forestation and the creation of forest reserves, the introduction and distribution of valuable agricultural seeds and plants of every description, noxious insect and livestock disease control, in all of which governmental enterprises Hawaii now stands well in the advance guard.

The story of Hawaii's pineapple industry reads like a romance. The first authentic record of the introduction of this king of fruits into Hawaii is in Don Marin's diary, in which he made entry of having planted pineapples, peach and fig trees and a variety of vegetables. This was in 1813. However, it is believed there may have been pineapples growing in Hawaii when Captain Cook discovered the islands in 1778. Some fresh Hawaiian "pines" are said to have been shipped to California in the gold-rush days, but this seems doubtful. To Captain Kidwell, an English horticulturist, is accredited the foresight and skill of bringing to Hawaii from Jamaica the first smooth Cayenne, the superior variety which now predominates, or is the sole variety which has made Hawaii's pineapple industry easily the foremost in the world. The first cannery was established in 1892 on Oahu. The industry grew with unbelievable rapidity and stability, until, at the present writing, pineapples vie with sugar for supremacy in a land where scientific agriculture has perhaps reached the highest development to be found anywhere.

The great success of Hawaii's two stable major crops and their accompanying industries, sugar and pineapples, must in large part be accredited to the research institutions which they have created and which in turn they have recreated. First of these to be established was the Hawaiian

Sugar Planters Association and its world-famous experiment station created in 1895, which expends a half million dollars annually for its maintenance and is maintained wholly from within its own resources. A close second, the Pineapple Producers Cooperative Association and its likewise world-famed experiment station, maintains a similarly outstanding research institution, without which the present pineapple industry, like Hawaii's sugar industry, could not have been developed and maintained through all the years of solid progress. The large capable staffs of these two highly scientific research institutions have under investigation every phase of the industries which they represent and benefit not only their own immediate charge, but the entire territory both directly and indirectly.

The Hawaii Agricultural Experiment Station (then wholly under federal control) was approved by Congress May 25, 1900, and definitely established in 1901 with Jared G. Smith of the United States Department of Agriculture as the first director, to serve the clientele of small individual and independent farmers and ranchers which other research institutions were more indirectly associated with. On July 1, 1929, there was effected the union of the Federal Experiment Station with the University of Hawaii whereby all the funds available for agricultural research were pooled and the entire work carried on under one program designated as the Hawaii Agricultural Experiment Station

under the joint supervision of the University of Hawaii and United States Department of Agriculture. Similarly did the Agricultural Extension Service of the University receive federal aid funds by an act of the 70th Congress whereby it now shares on a parity with the continental states in

the Smith-Lever and other associated acts, with William A. Lloyd of Washington, D. C., as the first director. This important intermediate between the farmer and the Experiment Station is designated as the Cooperative Extension Service in Agriculture and Home Economics. There is little question but that these various agencies with the superior educational facilities provided by what is akin to the College of Agriculture of the University of Hawaii will develop worthy agricultural leadership to adequately meet the need of the times. Among these as has been recently well stated by a high ranking army officer of the Ha-

waiian Department "The development of an adequate local food producing industry is one of the most important and most desirable developments for the well being of the civilian community both in peace and in any major emergency. It is of primary importance when the defense of these islands is concerned." Thus may Hawaii's traditional and worthy missionary spirit, her splendid schools, her scientific research institutions, her progressive governmental agencies and citizenry in cooperation with adequate defensive forces upbuild an estate and enduring commonwealth along the best of our traditional American ideals.



BORN AND RAISED IN HAWAII, EDUCATED AT MICHIGAN AND HARVARD UNIVERSITIES, AND AN OFFICER IN THE AMERICAN ARMY DURING THE WORLD WAR, LESLIE WISHARD IS TODAY MANAGER OF A SUGAR CANE FARM IN HAWAII



RUINS OF AN EARLY SUGAR MILL

## Sugar Standards

ROLAND SHEPARDSON

THE settlers of the Old Dominion would open wide eyes if they could see any one of the nearly two-score sugar plantations of Hawaii, America's island territory of the Pacific.

Here beneath the Stars and Stripes is a valuable agricultural industry, principal economic supporter of the whole Territory of Hawaii and an important contributor to the financial welfare of the entire nation. Its leaders are responsible, through the welfare organizations operating under their sponsorship or directly through their own efforts, for the wide-spread development of a truly American standard of living for the plantation personnel.

Plantation villages—paved roads, electric-lighted, with churches and schools, hospitals, banks, clubs and libraries—rival the best of the country's industrial communities. As far as beauty is concerned, no town in the whole of America can better the display of plants and flowers that abound in the yard of every plantation home. These symbolize more than anything else, perhaps, the satisfaction that is a part of plantation life in Hawaii.

It is impossible adequately to picture the Hawaiian sugar industry. The beauty of

the endless carpet of green cane spread over the rolling foothills must be seen to be appreciated. The unceasing plowing and planting . . . the amazing phenomenon of the plantation irrigation system . . . the colorful harvesting process . . . the variety of cane transport . . . the busy scenes in the mill . . . all should be featured equally in any description, but cannot be given equal justice in their picturesqueness or their thorough-going practicality.

The four larger islands of the Hawaiian group are the farm-lands of the industry. Oahu, Maui, Hawaii, and Kauai has each its quota of plantations, numbering thirty-eight in all. Of these, all but two are members of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association, an agricultural cooperative organization which for the past forty years has been supplying to its members the latest fruits of scientific research and experiment on every phase of plantation problems. The benefits that issue from the association's experiment stations have not been limited to the sugar industry, but have been given freely to others, that all might profit from their increasing store of knowledge.

New and beneficial information regard-



A MODERN SUGAR MILL

ing soil and its treatment for increased productivity . . . methods of combating cane disease and destructive pests . . . inventions for the greater efficiency of harvesting and milling processes . . . plans for the housing and general welfare of the workers . . . all stem from this pooling of interests in the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association.

The irrigation problem itself is a giant which the planters have had to fight since the early days of the industry. Nature had given the steep windward slopes of some of the islands a superabundance of rain water, leaving the lee shores practically arid. Yet the topography of the leeward sections was more fitted for growing cane, being greater in area and less steep.

To overcome this natural lack of balance, the planters bored and dug through mountains to tap the plentiful windward sources, and from the leeward outlets of the tunnels they drove, they constructed ditches, flumes and syphons to radiate throughout the large arid or semi-arid areas. As a result a flood of mountain water rushes daily to irrigate even the largest plantations.

One system, watering the fourth largest plantation in the islands, brings enough water to supply every man, woman and child in the city of Boston with more than 130 gallons a day.

The happy result of what was thought to be a catastrophe showed early planters that cane could be harvested much more easily if the cane fields were first burned over to remove from the stalks the massed and tangled trash of leaves and weeds. No harm, they found, was done to the sugar-bearing stalks themselves, and today the thrilling cane fires are a regular feature of the plantation scene.

As the cane is harvested, it is transported by railroad, by automobile truck, by overhead trolley, or it is water-borne through flumes from field to mill, depending on the terrain. Little is overlooked in devising ways and means to feed the giant mills where the cane is crushed repeatedly until 99% or more of the juice is extracted.

Many are the devices which sugar men have developed to smooth the course of the cane through the mill. A "grab" hoist, like a many-fingered clutching hand, reaches down and empties a carload of cane at a time. Elaborate washers spray and clean the cane of mud and trash, and it is thrown on a moving belt to pass through an ingenious chopper and emerges above the first rollers of the mill, ready to be crushed.

In sets of three, a dozen or more of these 12-ton steel and cast-iron rollers grind the bits of cane stalk, squeezing out every possible drop of the sweet juice. At the



end of the run the fibrous residue is so dry that it immediately serves as fuel to operate the mill. The juice, meanwhile, runs off and is piped to the boiling house. There it is treated with milk of lime and heated to 212 degrees Fahrenheit. Filtered and clarified, it is then reduced to a syrup and sent to the vacuum pans to be crystallized into sugar.

From the vacuum pans the mixture of sugar crystals and molasses goes to the centrifugal machines—perforated metal baskets that whirl at a tremendous rate of speed, driving all but the crystals through the fine mesh of the screen baskets. The result is a relatively dry, raw sugar which is packed in 105-pound bags ready for shipment to mainland refineries.

Visitors to the plantations and mills of Hawaii are fascinated by the growth and manufacture of sugar. But they are even more fascinated by the splendid achievements in the social development of the working personnel. Here is an experiment in labor relations that tops them all—an experiment solidly based on the belief that the life of a rural people can be made more pleasant, more healthful, more thoroughly satisfying than existence in crowded urban centers.

Good schools are established in every plantation community, schools on a par

with the best in the territory and that rank favorably with any in the country. In each of these the same Americanism is bred that comes out of the public schools of New England, for Hawaii's schools were established on the pattern of those Eastern ones and throughout a hundred years and more have kept pace with them.

Plantation workers have their own stores operated under the direction of the plantation, but they are free to trade elsewhere if they so desire. They have their own hospitals, to which they and their families are admitted without charge. They have their own churches, their own creeds, their own religious leaders, according to their inclinations. Their children belong to the Boy and Girl Scouts of America and share in the extensive programs of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. All the other youth organizations of national scope are represented as well.

The major difficulty in an article so brief as this of necessity must be only hints as to the range of activities and institutions existing on the Hawaiian sugar plantations. As has already been said of the vast green and silver-tasseled acres of Hawaii's cane fields, so with the extensive and vital human welfare programs of the plantations—they must be seen to be appreciated.



A TYPICAL CLUB HOUSE WHICH HAS BEEN ERECTED FOR THE USE OF EMPLOYEES ON ONE PLANTATION. RECREATION HAS A PROMINENT PLACE IN THE LIVES OF THE CANE FARM WORKERS





*Pan-Pacific Press Photo*

THE JUDICIARY BUILDING AT HONOLULU, WHICH HOUSES THE TERRITORIAL COURTS. IT WAS FORMERLY THE HAWAIIAN HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT IN THE DAYS OF THE MONARCHY, AND FROM ITS BALCONY WAS READ THE PROCLAMATION IN 1898 OVERTHROWING THE MONARCHY. THIS STEP PRECEDED HAWAII'S ANNEXATION TO THE UNITED STATES AS AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE UNION IN 1898

## The Daughters of the American Revolution in Hawaii

WINIFRED D. ROBERTSON

*State Regent of Hawaii*

"DAUGHTERS" everywhere may well ask themselves what forces were at work in far-off Hawaii, long called the "Sandwich" Islands, to bring into the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, the first chapter organized on foreign soil. More than a year before Congress passed the "Joint resolution" (July 7, 1898) to annex the Hawaiian Islands, ALOHA Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., was organized by Agnes Hall Boyd Judd, wife of Albert Francis Judd, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

If the purposes of the organization of

the societies of the Sons and the Daughters were, partly, to further annexation, so much the more credit is due those farsighted people who thus assisted in securing to the United States this beautiful land. A land not only rich in agricultural resources but destined to become the first line of defense in the western Pacific. In organizing D. A. R. these men and women were also fulfilling their destiny as well as that of the country whose government they had shaped. The seventy-five years between the arrival of the first missionaries and the forming of ALOHA Chapter had

seen the transplanting to Hawaii of all those American institutions whose ideals are the tenets of our society. While this pattern was shaping the culture of the people, the farsighted American pioneers acted to protect the country from the designing encroachments of other nations till the time was ripe for the final act of annexation. The organizing of D. A. R. and annexation occurred within a year of each other. In the forty years of D. A. R. in Hawaii the ideals of the founders have been maintained and advanced as the national society has expanded its program, so that it has gone hand in hand with headquarters.

"ALOHA" was the sole chapter in Hawaii for twenty-eight years. In that time it set a record of accomplishments such as to challenge attention and deserve recounting. In particular its work in patriotic education has been outstanding.

About 1920 the committee for patriotic education found its work in the schools greatly handicapped by a total lack of rules governing the correct use of the Stars and Stripes, and such etiquette as would insure respect for the national emblem.

The committee set about devising a uniform code based on military regulations to cover the proper use of the flag and the national colors in decorations. ALOHA Chapter initiated the work in the community at a time when patriotic societies everywhere were feeling the need of such a code, and interested civic and military officials to the end that the chapter drafted a set of rules which were submitted to a conference at Washington, D. C. in 1923. Parts of ALOHA Chapter's code were incorporated in the final draft of the present national code of Flag Etiquette.

Since the adoption of the flag code D. A. R. societies in Hawaii have distributed thousands of the printed leaflets together with illustrated codes, throughout the territory, principally in the schools.

The committee demonstrated the correct use of the flag by example as well as by precept, parading it through the streets, showing the right salute and the pause of respect. Ten years later when President Roosevelt visited Hawaii it was a matter of comment by the President's party, the army, navy and other officials that the

display of the flag and other patriotic decorations met the most exacting regulations. The same committee started patriotic libraries in schools, presented books, banners, flags, pictures, promoted historical essay contests with cash prizes, awarded medals to Hawaiian National Guardsmen for marksmanship, prizes to Girl Home Makers, stimulated interest in classes to promote good citizenship, co-operated with the Red Cross and various organizations promoting Americanization.

These were not sporadic interests but continued over many years of constructive work. The Americanization committee has attended the naturalization courts, presenting the new citizen with an American flag. Two hundred twenty-seven flags have been presented, each with a word of kindly greeting.

In this Cross-Roads-of-the-Pacific port the manual for the use of immigrants has been an important factor in the course of patriotic education. It has reached the various nationalities, each in its own language, giving first instruction in a new way of living. The manual has been used in school courses of political economy. Hundreds have been distributed. Recently ALOHA Chapter transferred its support of "ANGEL ISLAND" to the local immigration station. Gifts are collected for brightening Christmas for those who are detained there.

Nor has the transient been forgotten. The society has collected many thousands of books and magazines for the Seamen's Institute, where they were acceptable for reading tables or were bundled for outgoing ships—a monument to the memory of Sarah Josepha Hale. Such has been our service to our polyglot population.

The year 1923 marked the stirring of new enterprise within the organization. In addition to the great accomplishment of the committee on Patriotic Education, work was begun on scholarship and genealogical services.

The scholarship committee grew out of insight gained from experience in the work of patriotic education. Convinced that the basis of intelligent loyalty rests on education, ALOHA Chapter set out to encourage higher education, first by a series of gift scholarships to girls at the local

university, soon followed by a revolving loan fund, available to both sexes, for study on the mainland as well as in Hawaii. At present the fund totals seven thousand dollars. Twenty-three loans have been made; so far there have been no defaulted loans. Small pledges from the two chapters and interest on matured notes, plus repayments, keep the fund adequate to meet requests.

The genealogical work quickly reached the status of a "library". Funds voted from the chapter for lineage books, generous donations of every kind of data from members and friends, soon earned the term "largest chapter-owned" collection in the organization. From the beginning the Library of Hawaii gave shelf room to the collection in a reference room where volunteers from ALOHA chapter assisted all persons wishing to use the material. The collection grew to such proportions and value, with so many demands upon it, that in 1935 the collection was given to the library. It occupies a separate room, over the entrance to which is the legend: "Genealogical Library, Gift of Aloha Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution".

Special note should be taken of the work of the "Publicity" or Press Relations committee throughout the years. The daily papers have been most co-operative and given most generously of space and mention of all our many activities. The news clippings from these sources form a scrap book history of great interest. But the im-

portant phase of this work was its service in instructing the public in the aims, ideals and history of the organization. Through it we have interpreted ourselves to the public, to their greater interest and understanding.

The newspapers also gave free to our radio committee, hours for the broadcasting of patriotic programs on all the major holidays.

In 1925 the WILLIAM AND MARY ALEXANDER CHAPTER was organized on the Island of Maui. It has proved a vigorous chapter, active in all patriotic undertakings. Its special interest has centered around the marking of historic spots, of which Maui has many. The chapter inaugurated the presenting of medals to National Guardsmen for target practice, and was most interested in advancing "Girl Home Makers" in the schools. It raises its pledge to the student loan fund by a yearly entertainment, to which the whole community looks forward with anticipation.

Both chapters have met national and state quotas and assessments without failure. They have helped support certain of the "approved" schools and have poured out of their treasury funds, sums large and small for every kind of aid.

Such a record tells of the constant, unremitting service of women imbued with vision practical as well as spiritual, determined to preserve and advance real American institutions in a land thousands of miles from the cradle of liberty.

## Coquette

ANNE ROBINSON

*A pansy is a wise coquette  
 She wears such fascinating graces.  
 Her beauties have me quite upset . . .  
 How choose between her witchy faces?*



LAHAINALUNA PRINT SHOP. BIBLES AND SCHOOL BOOKS IN THE HAWAIIAN LANGUAGE WERE FIRST PRINTED AT LAHAINALUNA

## Historical Tablets on Maui, Hawaii

HELEN MAR BENNETT LINTON

*Former State Regent of Hawaii*

IN accordance with the aims of the National Society of the D. A. R., the WILLIAM AND MARY ALEXANDER Chapter of the Island of Maui has from the earliest years of its existence made the location and preservation of historical spots one of its outstanding activities. We have included in our efforts, churches, parsonages and school buildings which have contributed to the development of our island.

We realize that the swift passage of time blots from memory events of historical importance, therefore these tablets are reminders of work well done and point the way to further effort to the generations that follow.

High on the slopes of the West Maui Mountains, carpeted with the green of growing cane, and with the dazzling blue of the Pacific in the foreground, we came upon a small neglected cemetery, overgrown with underbrush, almost a jungle. Whatever fence had protected these graves was gone.

Through the generosity of our members and the cooperation of the Lahainaluna School the hallowed ground was cleared and fenced. Here lie buried three of the earliest missionaries. Men from our New England coast who gave their lives to an alien race. Men in their early youth who had forsaken home and friends and journeyed round the Horn bearing the gifts of religious education and American Ideals to a strange people. The restoration was made in 1927 and a marker on the entrance was placed later.

A visitor from the state of Washington in the course of a public address inquired if there was a chapter of the D. A. R. on Maui. If so he urged that a tablet be placed to the memory of a devoted preacher and teacher, Father Greene. Father Greene first taught manual training, to-day an important feature in our public school curriculum. On the pineapple uplands of Maka-



THE BALDWIN HOME IN LAHAINA, WHICH IS NOW USED AS A MEMORIAL WITH LIBRARY, READING ROOM, ATHLETIC CLUB ROOM, BABY CLINIC, AND KINDERGARTEN

wao stands the white coral church where Father Greene labored. In 1929 a tablet on the church was unveiled in his memory.

In 1931 was celebrated the Lahainaluna Centennial commemorating the founding of this famous school. On the spacious and beautiful grounds surrounding the group of buildings stands a stone house 100 years old. This venerable building held one of the first printing presses west of the Rocky Mountains. The tablet reads as follows:

1831  
HALE PAI  
(PRINT SHOP)  
ONE OF THE FIRST WEST OF THE ROCKY  
MOUNTAINS  
BIBLES AND SCHOOL BOOKS IN THE HAWAIIAN  
LANGUAGE WERE PRINTED HERE AT LAHAINALUNA.  
ALSO THE FIRST NEWSPAPER LAMA HAWAII.

TABLET PLACED  
1931  
BY  
ALOHA CHAPTER  
AND  
WILLIAM & MARY ALEXANDER CHAPTER

In 1932 a Missionary tea was given in William and Mary Alexander Parsonage at that time 95 years old. This quaint

house in New England style of architecture is standing in the midst of tropical gardens in Wailuku, Maui. Mark Twain was a guest here over fifty years ago and wrote part of his famous book, "Roughing It," in this house. A tablet was unveiled in honor of the missionary couple William and Mary Alexander who had made it their home for 28 years, and whose influence for high living has been an inspiration to the youth of Maui. The Maui Chapter takes its name from this couple. Members and guests at the tea were costumed in gowns, the precious possession of the descendants of these early missionary women. The two daughters of the couple now close to the hundredth mark were honored guests. They were presented with red, white, and blue leis by the great-great-granddaughter of the Alexanders. The founder of Hampton Institute in Virginia, Samuel Chapman Armstrong, was born in this house.

Washington's Bi-Centennial was commemorated with the planting of a Royal Poinciana tree in the grounds of the territorial office building in Wailuku a marker placed at its base.

The Baldwin home in Lahaina was built 100 years ago and for the most part paid for with Bibles. This information a grandson of Doctor Baldwin has brought to light. So runs the story of the Mission Premises at Lahaina as written by another grandchild, Mary Charlotte Alexander. Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin lived and worked in this house for 36 years spreading American ideals and fostering American Schools. Their son Henry P. Baldwin restored it to be used as a memorial with library, reading room, athletic club room, baby clinic and kindergarten. It continues to bear the name of Baldwin Home still consecrated as before to good works. In 1935 a bronze tablet was placed on this home of precious memories and great usefulness.

On the same day a marker was unveiled on the cannon erected on the waterfront at

Lahaina. The legend of the cannon is that a Russian battleship was sunk in Honolulu harbor because of the prayers of a Kahuna (native witch doctor). Later the cannon was raised from the submerged wreck. The facts have it that the ship sank because it was unseaworthy. Whichever the truth, the Hawaiian government raised the cannon and placed them on the waterfront in Lahaina, where they frequently served for practice and defense in the early days of the monarchy.

In commemorating these historic spots on the Island of Maui, the WILLIAM AND MARY ALEXANDER Chapter is contributing a service of lasting value to the Maui community, and is paying fitting tribute to those whose work and life the memorial plaques honor.



*Pan-Pacific Press Photo*

MRS. RALPH ST. SURE READING THE TABLET PLACED ON THE CANNON





NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS IN HAWAII

"Hawaii, the loveliest of islands that lie anchored in any ocean. No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one. No other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me through half a life time as that has done. Others leave me but that abides; other things change but it remains the same."

*To Hawaii*, by Mark Twain





THE "MARK TWAIN" TREE IN WAIAHINO



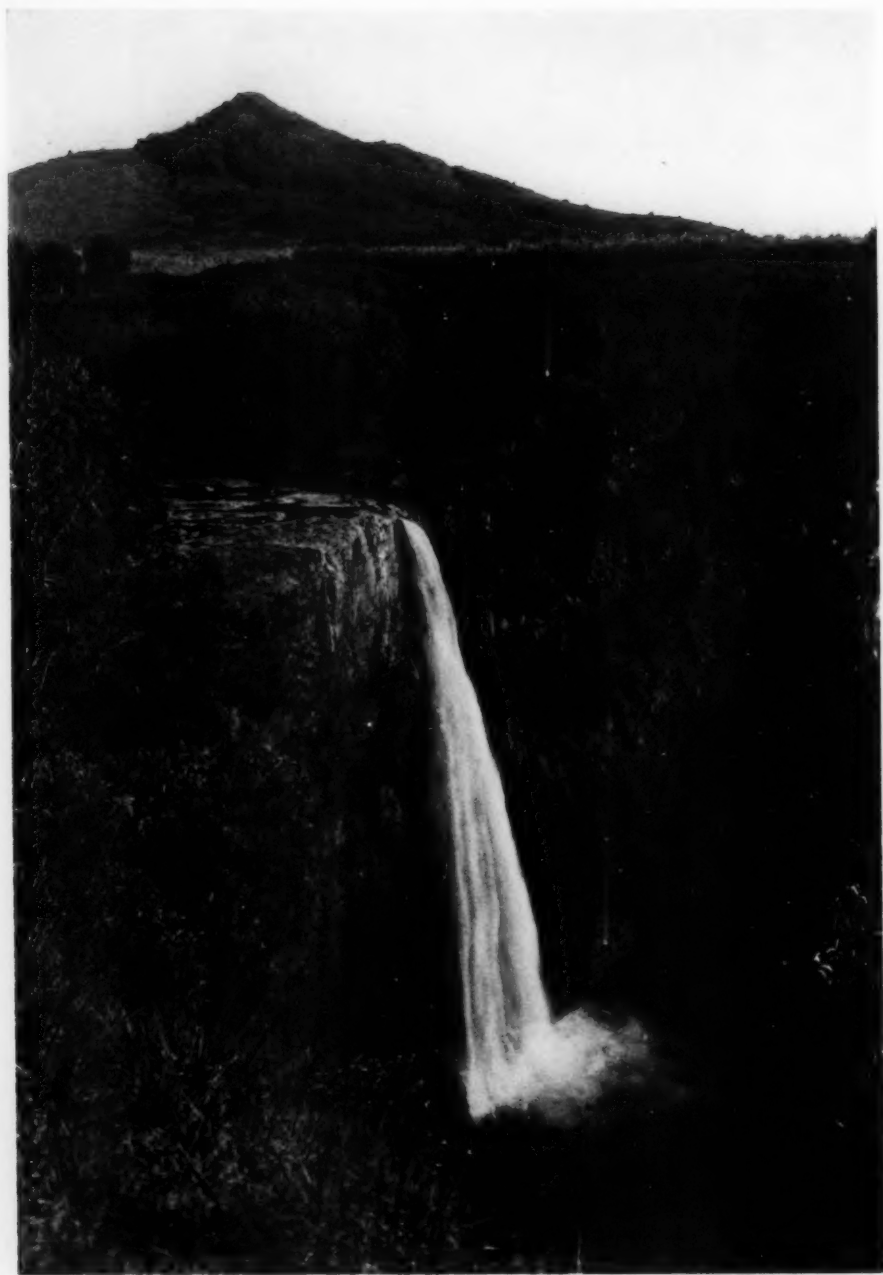
ENTRANCE TO THE LIBRARY OF HAWAII IN HONOLULU



A GOLDEN SHOWER TREE IN HAWAII



THE MORMON TEMPLE ON OAHU ISLAND



WAILUA FALLS ON KAUAI ISLAND

*Pan-Pacific Press Photo*



HAWAIIAN FISHERMEN ON THE KONA COAST

*Pan-Pacific Press Photo*



N. E. A. Service

## ❖ FACING WEST ❖

WINIFRED FLEMING TIGER

*Not within our memory, now,  
Those rolling miles of grass,  
Calling man and ox and plow  
To bring a miracle to pass.*

*Stars over prairies beckoning men,  
Through never-ending space.  
Dragging days of heat, and then  
The feel of twilight on the face.*

*Stinging smart of sun-blurred eyes,  
The thud of tired oxen heels.  
Campfire ritual begins and dies  
At the creak of wagon wheels.*

*This believe—the winter's cold,  
And lonely months of toil,  
Failing crops and locusts bold  
Were dimmed by worship of the soil.*

*Firm of mind these pioneers.  
They grew a Nation by their quest,  
Homes and freedom through endless years,  
With wagons facing West.*



# Freedom on the March

E. M. HAWES

*Executive Director, Northwest Territory Celebration Commission*

THE United States is about to conclude its, perhaps, most unique historic commemoration. Known popularly as the "Northwest Territory Celebration," and set up by Congress to observe the "150th anniversary of the Passage of the Ordinance of 1787 and establishment of Northwest Territory," the program has had a deeper significance than either description implies. For the celebration has brought to the attention of the American people, at a time when such wholesome lessons may be most fruitful, some of the most glorious but little known history of the founding and development of this nation.

To many, perhaps most, people until recent months Northwest Territory has been construed as the Pacific Northwest, Oregon and Washington, and the Ordinance of 1787 has had little or no historic meaning. Actually, the Ordinance is one of the three great charters of American Freedom, and, even though heretofore less attended with honors in the tradition-ridden pages of school histories, is now attaining prominence and importance akin to those accorded the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution. And, Northwest Territory, the first step in colonial expansion by the United States, consisted of that vast area "north and west of the River Ohio" and east of the accepted western border of American possibilities, the Ohio River.

From it came the present great states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin and a part of Minnesota—some 22% of the present nation in population and even more in wealth and natural assets.

More important than its geographic and economic development, however, has been its spiritual and moral phase, for here in this then vast wilderness it is often said by writers that the United States of America found its soul.

Under the Ordinance of 1787 the first national recognition of America's most cherished principles of government was

made, and those principles put into national effect. One of the idiosyncrasies of our methods of teaching has been that the American Bill of Rights has always been a part of the United States' idea and plan of government. Undoubtedly the tenet to which Americans point with greatest pride, we even conceive that one of the major objectives of our War for Independence was the establishment of these human rights of the individual.

Such is not the case. Indeed, one can search the Declaration of Independence without finding mention of the Bill of Rights. Nor is it even suggested or referred to in the Articles of Confederation. While several of the original thirteen states had incorporated such provisions in their Constitutions adopted just after the Declaration of Independence, still national feeling was not strong enough to secure their inclusion in the United States Constitution when that document was drafted or submitted to the people two months after the Ordinance of 1787 was passed.

Such provisions would seemingly not even have found their way into the Ordinance of 1787 except for the insistence of a group of New Englanders and their able spokesman, Rev. Manasseh Cutler. These men, all veterans of the Revolution, had been party to the many speculations and contemplations of the war-weary, hungry and unpaid soldiers, as to the sort of government they wished to result from their victory. Particularly had they been signers to the "Newburgh Plan" evolved in 1783 while the now idle soldiers had waited the signing of the Treaty of Paris, which was to give them liberty, and an uncertain chaotic prospect ahead.

The "Newburgh Plan" for the future of the American soldiers embodied the desires and ideals of the nation's common men. Those ideas bear a marked similarity to those of the Ordinance of 1787 as passed four years later, including the then radical proposal for prohibition of slavery.



BOAT BUILDING ON THE YOUGHIOCHENY

While the statesmen and politicians of the period compromised and coordinated the varying contentions of their discordant states, these plain men spoke out as to the desires and intents of the common people, and by reason of a contemplated large purchase of land and orderly settlement of the western frontier, virtually forced the adoption of the Ordinance with organic provision for the rights of men.

That they also spoke for other common people of the new United States is evident from the fact that four years later, the first ten amendments to the Constitution provided a Bill of Rights, and seventy-eight years later, when a civil war had been fought, the provision against slavery became part of our fundamental law.

Whether or not such principles would have finally been included regardless of the effect of the Ordinance of 1787 must, of course, remain a great question. Many authorities and an increasing number apparently feel that the "American way"

could not have come out of the staid and settled communities of the colonial Atlantic seaboard, and that the torch of human freedom has been carried on in this country by the ever advancing frontier.

Certain it is that the states formed from Old Northwest Territory, and all the others of the thirty-five states subsequently admitted to the Union have based their governments upon the Ordinance of 1787, and so have made the pattern for the nation as it is today.

This brings us to the second premise of this historic commemoration. We now take the United States "for granted," little realizing the tremendous nature of its growth. This nation has become one of the great nations on Earth, in the shortest space of time in which any nation has ever been built. But seventy-five years—one lifetime—elapsed until a fringe of states along the eastern coast had crossed a 3500 mile wide continent to the other ocean. This had been accomplished with but little

conquest, and all the component states were on an equal footing with older members of the Union.

This had never been done in all previous history, and, in truth, this colonial policy is in effect only in rare and recent instances in the rest of the world today.

Historians ascribe this unprecedented and substantial growth of the United States also to a provision of the Ordinance of 1787. There, for the first time since Time began, was enunciated the doctrine that subordinate states (colonies) should, when population justified, become members of the Union equal in all respects to the Mother State. England has in but recent years adopted this colonial policy.

So, there is much to commemorate in this Northwest Territory Celebration. But the method of celebration is also interesting.

Viewed by the Commission as educational and inspirational in its purposes, the program has been built to two main and unusual objectives: First, that the celebration should reach as many people directly as is possible, and in as dramatic and interest-compelling manner as could be devised. Second, that the celebration should last long enough to make a rememberable impression in competition with the kaleidoscopic events of the time.

On both points history itself afforded a prime opportunity. The Ordinance of 1787 was adopted by the Continental Congress in New York on July 13, 1787. On December 3, 1787 the Ohio Company of Associates pioneers started their history-making trek from Ipswich, Massachusetts, to their new homes-to-be in the Ohio Country, where they arrived on April 7, 1788. And on July 15, 1788, American civil government, the first organized government west of the thirteen states, and the first American national government providing for a Bill of Rights, was established at Marietta, Ohio.

Accordingly, in the manner of *spectacular* program, the passage of the Ordinance of 1787 was re-enacted on July 13, 1937, in New York—on the steps of the United States Sub-Treasury at Broad and Wall Streets—the exact spot at which the Ordinance had originally been adopted. Twenty-five thousand New Yorkers—most of whom had never known of the Ordinance

or that Congress had ever sat at that point—witnessed the spectacle.

Following this opening of the national program in the nation's largest city, and outdistancing it greatly in interest was the recreation of the trek of the pioneer caravan and its picturesque ox team and Conestoga wagon. Starting exactly in the manner of their forebears, from Manasseh Cutler's old church, following a sermon preached from his own old pulpit, thirty-six college men selected from eleven states and many hundreds of applicants, started their four months' long trek over the mountains in the dead of winter.

Authentically garbed and accoutred as possible, this group plodded twelve to fifteen miles per day, attracting hundreds of thousands of visitors as they trudged the same roads the original party had traveled 150 years ago. At each town or village where stops were made, the party gave an eight episode pageant, "Freedom on the March," which depicts those major steps by which the mold of this government was formed. During the winter it was necessary to hold these pageants indoors and only a small part of the thousands who came to see could be admitted.

After trials probably equal to those of their forefathers, the caravan reached Old Simrell's Ferry (West Newton, Pa.) on January 20, and paused for ten weeks to build their boats. Facing much more difficult conditions as to timber, and using exact reproductions of the tools of 150 years ago, they built their "Union Galley" 50 x 13 ft.; "Adelphia Ferry", 28 x 8 ft.; two pirogues and a canoe, and working but eight hours per day, six days per week, accomplished as much in eight and one-half weeks as did the original pioneers working longer hours, in two and a half months. Apparently American youth has not gone soft!

While at West Newton hundreds of thousands, including some four thousand Boy Scouts from Pittsburgh, visited their unique camp and boatyard.

Embarking on the treacherous rock-strewn Youghiogeny River on April 1, they traveled two hundred miles down the Monongahela and Ohio Rivers, stopping overnight to put on pageants at Pittsburgh, Beacon East Liverpool, Steubenville, Mar-



LANDING AT MARIETTA ON APRIL 7

tins Ferry,—and landing in a pouring rain but with 100% historic exactitude, at Marietta, Ohio, on April 7.

This spectacular and impressive reenactment over—the caravan reembarked for land travel and is now traversing the states of Northwest Territory, so that no person of the twenty-four million now residing therein will have to go over forty miles to see and be part of Northwest Territory Celebration. All told, two hundred and fifty towns and villages will enjoy the pageantry—with a probable seven million people witnessing the local celebrations and over two million seeing the pageantry. No other historic commemoration has ever even approached these figures.

At Marietta, on the exact spot where civil government was established, erection of an heroic memorial, symbolic of "The Start Westward of the Nation" was made. This is a group of six figures, carved by Gutzon

Borglum, and marks permanently one of the most momentous historic points in America.

A striking number of current books have appeared dealing with the increasingly realized history which the celebration commemorates. Eighteen such books ranging through history, biography, historical novels, poems, have appeared. This is said to be the largest number of books inspired by or accompanying any American historic commemoration.

Such has been Northwest Territory Celebration. All of this has been done for an amount entirely trifling as historic commemorations go. Whether the plan and the events have been preeminent, time alone will tell. Already, however, two other such commemorations have adopted similarly designed sequences—the California Centennial of Sutter's Discovery, and the Coronada Expedition Quad-Centennial in New Mexico.

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# The Brave

## The Legend of Louisa St. Clair

HILDEGARDE WALLS JOHNSON

THE girl drew rein at the clearing in the trail and looked about her. A strange figure was moving in the meadow below the bluff. Louisa regarded it intently for a moment. Then as recognition dawned, she leaned forward in her saddle and, in flaunting disregard of the frontier's custom, disclosed her presence with a clear mocking laugh.

At the sound, the man looked up, and acknowledging her presence with a salute, began to climb swiftly up the cliff toward her.

But the man who had occasioned Louisa St. Clair's amusement did not share it; for the appearance of the daughter of General Arthur St. Clair, Governor of the Northwest Territory, alone on the Tuscarawas-Muskingum trail, was a serious obstacle to the mission he had undertaken. He could not leave her there unattended, particularly when the Mohawks were encamped, as well he knew, farther up the trail.

Louisa watched him as he approached, her blue eyes twinkling. Surely no man had ever appeared before the lady he was to serve in a costume so little designed to maintain his dignity. His hunting shirt was old, his head was turbaned in a red handkerchief, and his sinewy brown legs were bare from his moccasined feet to the breech-clout he wore instead of trousers.

Queer as he looked, Louisa felt a sense of great relief as he drew near. For this was Hamilton Kerr, truest and best of the forest rangers, and she knew that although he would do his best to send her back to the fort when he found out what she was doing, he would not let her proceed alone upon her venture.

"Howdy, Louisa," he said, as he came up and took her pony's bridle, preparatory to turning him around. "I'll take you back to Campus Martius. It ain't safe for you to be out in these woods when you know they're full of redskins."

"But I'm not going back, Ham," she said, gently.

"Where are you going, then?" he demanded.

"I know just as well as you do," she answered, "that Joseph Brant has sent for my father. I don't trust the Mohawks. I think this message is just a ruse to get him into their hands so they can kill him. So I'm going in his place."

"Does he know it?" Ham asked sharply.

Louisa answered him with another question.

"Do you think I'd be here if he did?"

A tiny flicker of amusement crossed his face as he said, "No. I know you wouldn't be." Then he added, "I think you better be goin' back."

Louisa shook her head.

"No. I'm going to see Brant. Do you want to go with me?"

"I might just as well," he conceded.

"That's where I was goin', anyhow."

Three days before, Thayandanegea, the Mohawk chief had come down the trail with two hundred warriors in full war panoply, and had made camp at Duncan Falls. General St. Clair had waited at Campus Martius to let them take the first step to define their attitude.

Thayandanegea, as well he knew, was no mean adversary. The Indian's grandfather had gone to England in company of four other sachems in the days of Queen Anne, and they had pledged their allegiance to their queen. Thayandanegea himself had been educated in England, and under the name of Joseph Brant had served as Captain in the British army. His sister, Molly, was the wife of Sir William Johnson, the last British Governor of New York; and by reason of his own power, he had been made war chief of the Confederacy of the Six Nations.

Now he had come down the trail toward Campus Martius, the outlying fort of the Americans, where Governor St. Clair was stationed, with his daughter for companion, since her mother, the lovely Phoebe Bayard, had become too frail to endure the hard-



ships of the frontier, and had perforce remained in Philadelphia when her husband had proceeded to the distant outpost.

Word of the Mohawks camped at Duncan Falls had come at once to General St. Clair. Louisa had watched the little detachment of Indians who had soon come down to Campus Martius, bearing a white flag of truce. To her, their coming boded no good. She was anxious for her father, knowing as she did, that the safety of the white settlers in the Ohio valley depended upon the maintenance of this isolated camp.

She had concealed herself where she could observe every movement of the messengers, from the moment of their approach. One brave had advanced with the white flag. A white man had gone out from the fort to parley with him. Then the group had been admitted to the fort, and after what had seemed an interminable length of time, she had seen them come out and start up the trail, back toward Duncan Falls.

Louisa went quietly about her affairs that night. Brant's message had been a request that Governor St. Clair come to Duncan Falls to make a treaty with the Mohawks. On the face, it seemed harmless enough. Too harmless, in fact.

Every instinct warned Louisa that there was treachery abroad. She determined to find out for herself what it was.

Ever since the white men had crossed the Ohio River, the Indians had watched them with increasing fury and resentment. The Shawnees, the Potowatomies, and the Miamis had all gone on the warpath. General Harman had marched against them and been defeated.

With the stories of recent Indian attacks fresh in her mind, Louisa began to formulate a plan by which to forestall their plans, whatever they might be.

Of one thing she was certain. They would try every means to get her father into their hands. He believed that if the Indian confederacy were broken, it would be an easy matter to set the tribes against each other. But Louisa believed that more than anything else, they desired her father's death, or his capture, which meant the same thing. She dared not think of all that that implied. So she came to her decision. She would go to Brant herself and find out what he meant to do.

The next morning, dressed in her Indian costume with its soft doeskin skirt and elaborately beaded blouse, she awaited her opportunity and left the stockade on her pony. If she could escape her father's notice she could be well on her way before she was missed. So she had ridden boldly forth, nodding pleasantly to the man at the gate.

"Isn't it a perfect day?" she had said.

"It is that," he replied. "But don't ride far into the forest today. It's fair alive with redskins."

"I'll be careful," she promised. "I've planned my ride with care."

Then toward noon, she had met Hamilton Kerr, and together they had gone on up the Muskingum-Tuscarawas trail in silence.

At dusk they stopped. Kerr tethered her pony, and gave her some dried deer meat from his pouch.

"We can't have a fire," he said. "The Injuns would be on us in no time if they saw a trace of smoke."

They rested in the deepening gloom.

"Your father gave me a letter to Brant," said Kerr, after a while. "He wants Brant to come to Campus Martius to see him."

Louisa leaned forward, holding out her hand.

"Let me take it for you," she said eagerly. "That will give me a good excuse for going into his camp."

Ham considered a moment before he answered. Then he said slowly,

"That might not be a bad idea. I'll give you the letter just before we get there, and I'll have a better chance to see how the land lays. Now, you get what rest you can. You're not used to bein' out in the woods all night like I am."

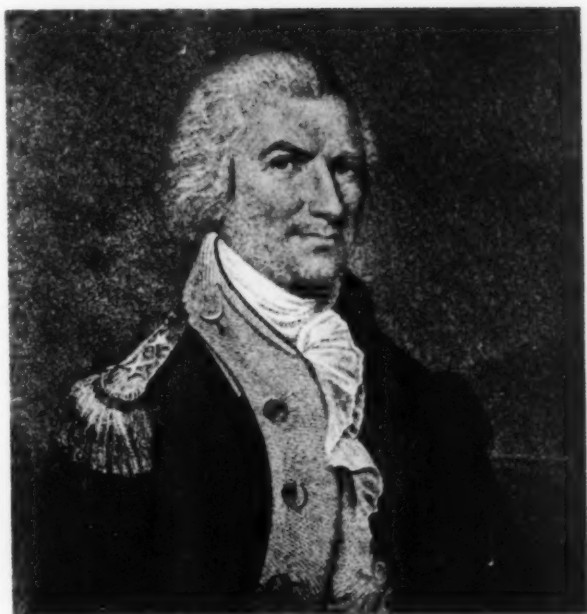
Louisa settled herself upright against a tree, and slept fitfully through the long night while Ham kept watch. Before dawn they were again on their way, Kerr's swift effortless stride keeping pace with Louisa's pony.

A short distance from the Mohawk camp they stopped. Louisa jumped lightly to the ground, stroked the pony's muzzle affectionately, whispering, "Good-bye, lady," into her velvety ear, before she gave Ham the bridle.

Kerr took the carefully folded letter from

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GENERAL ARTHUR ST. CLAIR, FATHER OF LOUISA, AND A NOTABLE  
REVOLUTIONARY FIGURE

inside his hunting shirt and handed it to her.

"Good-bye, Louisa," he said. "Good luck to you."

"Good-bye, Ham." Her sweet voice was steady, and she gave him a long grateful look as she added earnestly, "I'm glad you were with me on the way."

Then she turned, and with her golden head held high, passed soundlessly out of his sight into the denser woods.

Suddenly, without warning, two stalwart figures barred her path. She stopped short, and, concealing her surprise as best she might, returned the fierce looks of the Indians with a steady gaze.

"Let me pass," she cried imperially.

"Ugh." The guttural sound was the only answer. The letter was taken from her hand and the two savages with incredible swiftness had stepped one on each side of her. A moment later her hands were bound behind her. Her eyes were blind with tears as they led her onward through the forest and guided her, a prisoner, into the Mohawk camp.

She offered no resistance as they bound her to a great oak tree. She dared not think of the sorrow her rash act would bring her people. She must hold her attention on meeting her fate in a manner that would show that she was no craven.

She stood very still and straight, thankful for the oak's support. Her tears were dried now, and she stared over the heads of the Indians. No St. Clair should show terror before a red man.

So she stood, thinking of her grandfather, the Scotch Earl, whose youngest son had come to the Colonies. The Indians gazed at her curiously, amazed at the slim white girl who showed no fear before them.

She had been right, then. The message was only a ruse to get her father into the Mohawk's grasp. She must try to make them let her go. Her chance of release was far better than her father's would have been.

A slight commotion across the camp compelled her attention. What she saw made her heart heavier than before. For two more braves had come within the circle of

the camp, and Hamilton Kerr walked between them, a prisoner like herself.

She looked over his head as they bound him to another huge oak. Two lives hung in the balance now, and while she was only a girl who had done the Indians no harm, Hamilton Kerr was one of the wariest and most elusive of forest runners, and far too well versed in Indian lore and affairs for his own safety.

The minutes dragged until the sun seemed to have stopped in the heavens. Louisa managed to stand erect and disdainful, hiding successfully the terror in her heart. Only the deep violet shadows beneath her eyes gave evidence of her strain.

At last a figure came to stand before her, a Mohawk chief, ghastly in his paint. The red tips of the feathers in his warbonnet seemed to waver before her eyes in an unspeakable dance of death.

"Why you here?"

The question brought her back with a start. Their fate depended upon the next moment.

Louisa looked the man over from head to feet and back again. Her eyes met his with a look of icy detachment.

"I am the daughter of the White Chief," she announced, distinctly. "The daughter of the White Chief speaks only to the Chief of all the Indians. Bring him to me."

She finished speaking and looked away.

She waited, tense with suspense. Anything might happen.

At last he came, Thayandanegea, Chief of the Six Nations, resplendent in all his finest war regalia.

Before she looked, she knew from the silence that it was he who had come.

For a sickening instant, a wave of giddiness swept over her. Then with a supreme effort she mustered all her strength and turned her head slowly and deliberately toward the Mohawk. Her face was expressionless as her cold gaze met his, quite without fear. So they stood, until, abashed by her courage, he bowed before her, and acknowledged her presence.

"Captain Joseph Brant," she said. "I am Louisa St. Clair. I sent for you." She inclined her head with a charming smile. "I met you some time ago in Philadelphia, and I have come now to bring you a letter

from my father, to show our trust in you. Unfortunately the man who made me prisoner, took it from me. I beg you, sir, to accept it. I have risked my life to see you, hoping to bring about peace between your people and mine. So now I ask you to release me and my guide," she nodded toward Hamilton Kerr, "and to give us safe conduct back to my father."

Brant stepped forward. At a quick order the leather thongs that tied her were loosed. The Mohawk offered her his arm for support.

"The brave," he said, "respect the brave. You shall have your wish. I shall escort you back to your own people, myself."

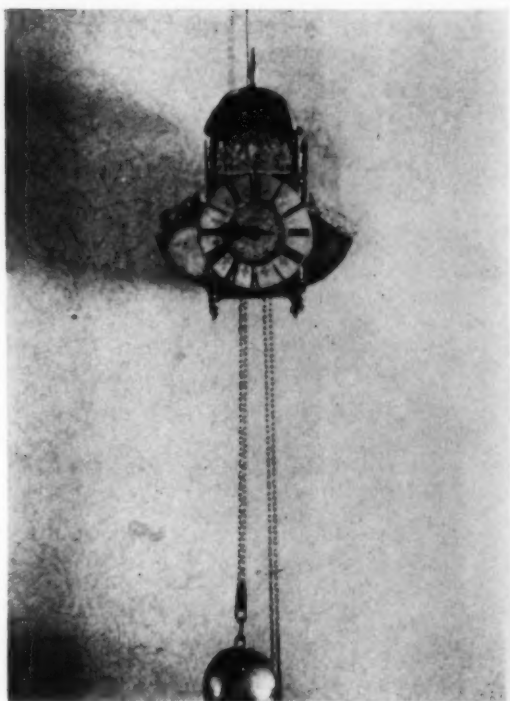
Down the Muskingum-Tuscarawas trail, through the forest, the strange procession made its way. The golden haired Louisa, her blonde beauty enhanced by her Indian garb, fearless and serene returning to the father she idolized, her duty well performed. Captain Joseph Brant rode beside her, paying tribute to her courage with the protection of his escort. Hamilton Kerr, in his odd attire, followed silently, wary, suspicious of the Mohawk warriors who rode behind their chief.

As they rode Brant found that the lovely white girl who had won his admiration, had also won his love, and the journey became an Indian wooing. A short distance up the trail from Campus Martius, he said good-bye, and sent her on to the fort with an escort of his braves.

Later he sought permission from her father to marry her. But General St. Clair refused, and the Mohawk chief rode proudly up the trail with the resolution in his heart that though he might not have this lovely girl for his wife, he would at least protect her father, and so spare her from the sorrow any harm to him might bring.

Afterward, when Thayandanegea, not Joseph Brant, led the Chippewas in battle against the white men in an overwhelming defeat, he kept this resolve. Four horses were killed beneath General St. Clair, but by reason of Thayandanegea's order, he himself was uninjured. So the tribute and devotion of the Mohawk chief to the courage of Louisa St. Clair became a legend.

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ENGLISH BRASS LANTERN CLOCK MADE BY WILLIAM HARRIS OF TUNBRIDGE, ENGLAND, PROBABLY ABOUT 1650. THIS IS THE EARLIEST TYPE OF DOMESTIC CLOCK AND THE ONE FROM WHICH THE TALL CLOCK WAS EVENTUALLY DEVELOPED

## *The Spirit of the Hand-made*

### IV. The Sign of the Dial

HAZEL ATTERBURY SPRAKER

TIME marches on; and beside it, stepping sedately walks the art of timekeeping, a sort of self-appointed guardian of erstwhile fleeting or wayward moments. It is a far cry from the rock-cast shadow which told the cave-man's wife when to hang a piece of raw meat over the fire, to the electric clock on top of a modern range, which tells the stove itself when to start the roasting and when to stop it!

Yet, here is a paradox: clocks have not improved one whit as timekeepers, it is said, since the first clocks were made in America nearly two hundred and fifty years ago! As a matter of fact, clockmaking had practically reached its ultimate perfection at a time when the mass of people still rose and retired with the sun and gave little thought to the planned economy of time.

In methods of manufacture clocks have

improved—if you consider intricate modern machinery for cutting clock wheels an improvement over the painstaking method of cutting and filing them by hand. In types and styles of clock-cases, yes,—because many shapes, sizes, and materials have developed during the past two centuries. But, barring the electrically-run clock which does not come within the scope of this article, modern clocks keep no better time than old ones, and the basic principles of clockmaking are practically the same as they were when William Davis, the earliest known American clockmaker, hung his "Sign of the Dial" before his shop in Boston in 1683.

Clocks are unique among early American relics because they combine a piece of furniture with a piece of mechanism. A clock seems to partake of living intelligence. A chair or table may have *seen* life of the past, but the clock has participated in it. It has had more influence upon the lives of its people than any other piece of household equipment except the fireplace. It has played its part in the life of past generations, and if still in running order it continues to play its part in our own lives. It has a personality and a soul! In some cases it is practically a member of the family.

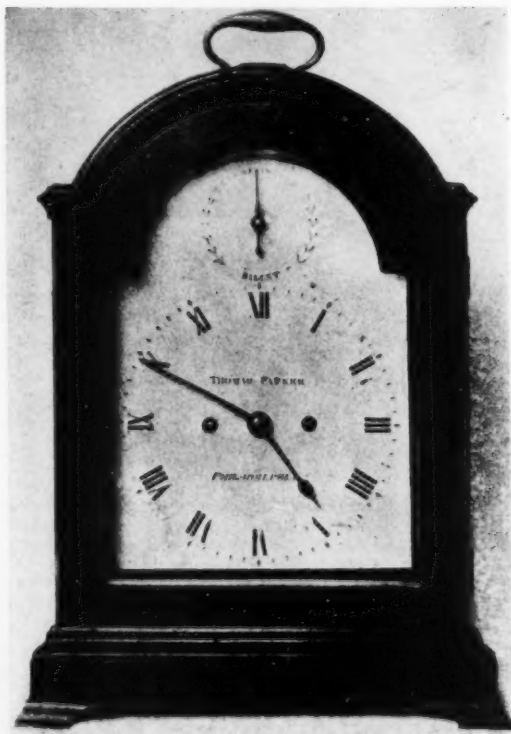
Clockmaking as practiced in America up to about 1800 was entirely of Old World origin. As in the case of tracing a family

pedigree, we must delve back into its early history before we can fully understand the century or more of early American clockmaking which comprises the so-called collector's period, or that of articles produced by individual craftsmen.

Wallace Nutting says that the use of time-keeping devices is one of the greatest manifestations of man's emergence from savagery: that the division of the day into periods of time each allotted to a certain use, and the planned economy of time, are essential elements of high cultural developments. The higher the civilization, the more man measures his time. Be that as it may, in the case of clockmaking, science has, as always, been a few laps ahead of the popular imagination. Man does not always know

what he wants or needs until science hands it to him. Invention is sometimes the mother of necessity! The clock was perfected and put into use before the majority of the people felt its need.

Timekeeping had been through many centuries of evolution. The water-clock, the sun-dial, the candle timed to burn so many inches in an hour, and the hour-glass, all had their place and period. Some time during the Middle Ages clocks run by a system of wheels, balances and springs were invented, or were developed through a series of experiments. No one knows just when



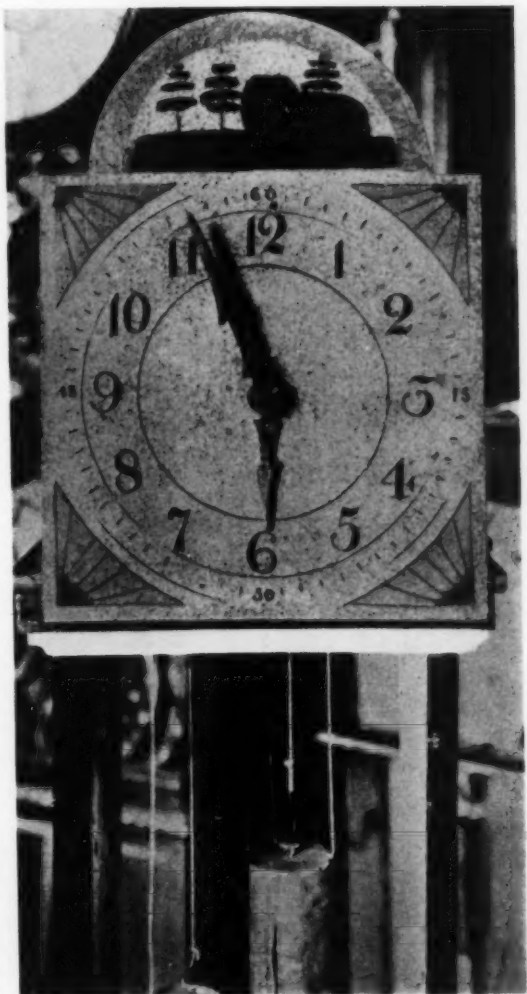
AN EARLY SHELF CLOCK BY THOMAS PARKER OF PHILADELPHIA

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or by whom the first clock was set up—for the earliest ones were in towers or turrets and were "set up", not "made". The oldest clock still in existence is said to be the famous clock of the Strasburg Cathedral set up in 1352 but twice rebuilt. Another is in the tower of the royal palace of Charles the Fifth at Wurtenburg, set up in 1379. Driven by a weight of five hundred pounds, it has been running for five and a half centuries! It was this clock that gave the signal for the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, when the streets ran red with the blood of thousands of Huguenots. There is record of a clock at Westminster in England in 1288, and another at Canterbury in 1292, but these

are no longer in existence. There was a clockmaker's guild in Paris before 1600 and one in London soon after that.

After the weight or balance driven clock had been well established, the next and most important development in clock mechanism was the use of the pendulum. Back in 1581 a slender seventeen-year-old boy



"WAG-ON-THE-WALL" CLOCK BY ELI TERRY, 1792. IT IS ONE OF THE EARLIEST CLOCKS WITH A WOODEN MOVEMENT, AND IS THE THIRD OF TERRY'S SIGNED CLOCKS

stood one day in the dimly lighted Cathedral of Pisa. Before him a lamp hanging by a chain swung slowly from side to side. Intently the boy watched, timing the oscillations of the lamp by his own pulse. He discovered that day the principle of the pendulum. His name was Galileo. It was a long time, however, before this principle was applied to clockmaking. About 1660 the first long-pendulum clock was made, probably by Christian Hudgens of Holland, although there is some diversity of opinion as to this. Hudgen's friend Fromanteel, also a clockmaker, is said to have introduced it into England. Hudgens was therefore the Dutch grandfather of the

long-case or "grandfather" clock, the most popular time-piece ever known among English-speaking peoples up to the beginning of the modern era.

Before the introduction of tall clocks, however, smaller, portable timepieces were used in the home. It is said that the very earliest clock for domestic use was the

bird-case or lantern clock, also called a bed-post clock—which suggests either early rising or wakeful hours. It was made to be perched upon a wall bracket with openings through which the weights of the clock hung on long cords or chains. The clock

was shaped somewhat like a lantern and was about the same size; was made of metal, usually brass, pierced, chased or fretted in various patterns. A dome-shaped bell on top gave voice to the strike. The clock was so well ventilated, with its many apertures, that it probably gave the appearance of a birdcage. The large round dial, placed in front of instead of within the borders of the case, sometimes projected at the sides, in which case the time-piece was called a "sheepshead" clock. Curiously enough,

many of these clocks had only one hand.

Somewhat later than the lantern type and at about the same time as the long-case clock, there was introduced in England the sturdy bracket clock, made to be set upon a shelf, bracket or table. It was wholly inclosed within its own case. It was made extensively in England but never to any great extent in this country. Doubtless many specimens were brought to America by colonists from England, and some may have been imported by American dealers, but few originals have survived here, and those few are of great value, bringing

prices of four or five hundred dollars. It is another paradox that this style of clock, which was almost ignored by early American clockmakers, has become the pattern for most of the household clocks sold here today! A book showing illustrations of

these early bracket clocks looks much like a catalogue of a modern clock manufacturer. There is one difference: the seventeenth century bracket clock bore on its top, which was slightly arched or domed, a plain brass handle about the size and shape of an ordinary drawer-pull. This, presumably, was for the purpose of carrying the clock from one room to another, at a period when few families of less than aristocratic rank owned more than one clock.

Aside from this handle the modern mantel clock



*David Rittenhouse*

WHO WAS NOTABLE SOCIALLY, POLITICALLY, AND  
MECHANICALLY

has the same features, standing twelve to fifteen inches high with a slightly domed top, with thick and massive case of polished mahogany or other fine wood either carved or plain; and dial of chased or engraved brass or silver-gilt. There were sometimes chimes or musical arrangements. The English bracket clock was the prototype of the clocks we see on the mantels of nine-tenths of our friends, clocks costing from twenty-five to two hundred dollars, good, substantial time-pieces, but not suggestive of anything early American. The pattern, indeed, took a flying leap and skipped the colonial



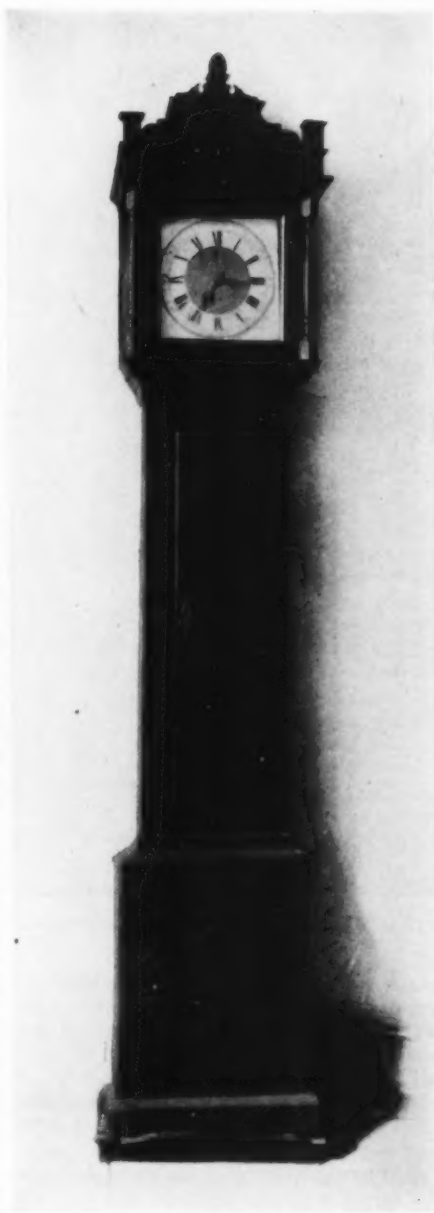
period entirely, except for a few rare examples made here, and those imported by the colonists.

We have seen that clockmaking arrived in America almost full grown, fathered in England, with a sturdy Dutch grandfather. There was only a slight strain of French or Italian ancestry, derived remotely through the English. The two styles just described, lantern and bracket, together with long-case clocks, were the ones adopted by the American colonists. For over a century no great innovations were made by American clockmakers. They seemed content to expend their energies on good workmanship rather than on originality. It is to this period that collectors and museums cling. To them the period between 1700 and 1800 was the golden age of American clockmaking.

The earliest clockmakers in America were men who had learned their trade in England. They not only made clocks to order for their customers in the new colonies, but they imported works, parts, dials and whole clocks from England. Whether the knowledge and patterns or the clocks themselves came from the mother country, the English timepieces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries must be included in a category of early American clocks. Many of the English specimens brought over or imported by our early colonists are to be found today in museums or in the homes of descendants.

A few clockmakers were at work here even before the year 1700. It is hard to learn the names of many of the earlier craftsmen, because there were no trade guilds here as in England, where every craftsman was listed and ticketed. Nor did the practice of labeling the clock with the maker's name and address come into use until many years later. If the name appeared at all it was engraved on the dial. The principle knowledge of the skilled American workmen has been gleaned from court records, newspaper advertisements and contemporary literature.

While clockmaking was the most scientific and delicate art known in America, in early 1700 craftsmen were obliged to eke out the sometimes dull clock trade with the making of many small articles such as buttons, seals, shoe buckles, barometers and



*Courtesy the Pennsylvania Historical Society*

ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF A DAVID RITTEN-  
HOUSE TALL CLOCK



a music-box, were frequently made; some with a different tune for each day and a psalm for Sunday! What an opportunity for a practical joker to mix up the timing apparatus and cause the dignified clock to put forth a rollicking song on Sunday and a psalm on "Blue Monday"! One old English clock had as many as twelve tunes listed. The names of these songs, probably the popular ones of their period, would form an interesting collection for a student of period folk-songs. Chimes were less frequently incorporated in the clocks. Both chimes and musical tunes were reserved for the bracket clock, in which they were most completely protected from dust. I have not found record of any old grandfather clocks with chimes.

Lantern and bracket clocks, although they played an important part in the life of our early colonists, quickly gave way to the long-case clock, also called "tall clock," "hall clock," floor clock, and most commonly, at least in America, the "grandfather's clock." No one knows just how this last term originated. We do know that such clocks, whose popularity lasted a full century, were often in a family for several generations. The clock is essentially a man's piece of household equipment. What more natural than that the grandfather in every family should

retain a proprietary interest in the tall clock as long as he lived? This brings to mind that the old song which runs "The clock stopped, never to run again, when the old man died," is based upon a practical rather than an occult reason.

It was usually the man of the house—or the grandfather, as the case may be, who kept the clock running and in good repair. When he became ill, naturally the clock was neglected, and might very reasonably cease to function at about the same time its owner died.

The shape of the grandfather's clock was an evolution. Its progenitor, the lantern clock, had cords several feet long suspending weights below the bracket upon which the clock stood. Someone added a pendulum, also long; someone else

covered the works of the clock with a wooden hood or case to keep it clean; and another encased the pendulum and weights in a long narrow wooden box, also for protection. A base was necessary, to enable this otherwise gangling contrivance to stand neatly and squarely upon the floor, thus completing the final form of the tall clock. Some examples were very tall. Many are described in detail as over nine feet in height, and reference has been found to some over ten feet. Pendulums were as long as six feet, although the approved



AN AARON WILLARD BANJO CLOCK MADE BY THE BROTHER OF SIMON. AARON IS SOMETIMES CREDITED AS THE INVENTOR OF THE BANJO CLOCK

# **BENJAMIN WILLARD, CLOCK and WATCH-MAKER.**

**BEGS** leave to inform his friends, and former customers, that after eight years absence from this county, he has again begun his business at his farm in GRAFTON, eight miles from Worcester, where he carries on CLOCK and WATCH-MAKING in all their various branches. He would inform the publick, that he has for these many years past, been with the best approved clock and watch-makers on the continent, in order to obtain further knowledge in the different branches of said business. The publick are often greatly imposed on, by employing unskillful workmen; and many good watches as well as clocks have been almost entirely ruined by those pretenders to this art. Said Willard lets no work go out of his hands, but such as he will warrant. He is determined to work on the most reasonable terms; and as he lives on a farm, and his expenses are much less than if he lived in a city, he can afford to work cheaper; it is also necessary, that his business (to do it well) should be carried on in retirement. In order the better to accommodate the publick, he has engaged with Mr. Thomas to receive and forward all commands left at his printing-office; all watches wanting repair, left with him, will be safely forwarded to me at Grafton, on Thursdays, and on the week following will be returned, finished, to said office, where those who left them may receive them, warranted; and, the expense for repairing, not more than one half as much as commonly charged by watch-makers in sea-porta.—Said Willard informs those who have purchased clocks of him before the war, (as he has finished and sold some hundred and fifty, since the war, chiefly in this State) that those which were, if any, he is ready to repair, and warranted once gratis, if there is any fault in their making, &c. &c. He also makes the

## **New Invented CLOCK-JACK,**

for roasting meat; said jacks may be had of Messrs. S. and S. SALISBURY, merchants, in Worcester. This jack was invented by Mr. Simon Willard, who obtained a patent from the General Court for an exclusive right. Said Simon Willard has authorized me to make said jacks, which are very useful and much approved of by those who have experienced them.—They are much cheaper than imported jacks and more durable.—Country produce will be taken in payment for his work.—Said Willard also makes

## **All kinds of TIN-WARE,**

which he sells wholesale and retail.

*Wanted by said Willard, two or three active, sprightly BOYS, about fourteen years of age, as apprentices.*

A SIGN PLACED OUTSIDE BENJAMIN WILLARD'S CLOCK SHOP ANNOUNCING HIS RETURN TO BUSINESS AFTER SEVERAL YEARS' SOJOURN ABROAD

length in general seems to have been a fraction over thirty-nine inches. The mechanical parts were simple, easily understood and repaired, and were so adjusted, granted there was a level floor to stand upon, that they kept almost perfect time. Authorities seem agreed that as an accurate timekeeper the tall clock has never been surpassed!

There is a slight but easily recognized difference between the tall clock made in America and that made in England. The English clock is straighter at the sides, being nearly the same width all the way up.

The line across the top, although sometimes ornamented, is more nearly level. The case is characterized, especially in the early models, by an elaborate use of marquetry, or patterns of inlaid wood, almost never seen in the American-made product. The American tall clock is more narrow waisted, making the hood and base seem broad in proportion to the central panels which enclose the pendulum and weights. The top is usually of scroll or broken-arch style, and the wood is plain or veneered mahogany. Mahogany, however, was largely used in both America and England after introduced by Thomas Chippendale, whose designs greatly influenced the designers and makers of clock cases in both countries. There is another factor which enters into these characteristic differences just described: the English type represents the first half of the eighteenth century, when many English clocks were imported to this country; the American type represents the last half of the century, when more clocks were made here, and a more or less standard style of case was popularized.

Along through the middle of this great clock-century various American craftsmen set up their shops and did good, conscientious work, but without much originality, and certainly without that spark of divine genius which makes a man's name known for centuries to come. All made brass clocks, mostly of the long-case pattern. Among the makers were George Nicholls in New York in 1728 and Lawrence Payne in 1732; Augustine Weiser at work in Pennsylvania in 1739; and David Rittenhouse of Pennsylvania in 1750 or '60. The name of Rittenhouse is the most distinguished one of the mid-century clockmakers, but not because of his clocks. He was Treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania; a professor of astronomy of the University of Pennsylvania; and Director of the United States Mint. We can well believe that his clocks were good, because he was trained as a clockmaker and continued his work while occupied with much larger affairs, thus showing an enduring love for his craft. One of his long-case clocks, made in 1760, is still keeping time for students and librarians in the building of the State Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Down in

Frederick Town (now Winchester), Virginia, a German named George Schnertzell made tall clocks. One which he made for Thomas Taylor in 1774 now stands in the charming home of Taylor's descendant in Loudoun County, Virginia. Names of the maker, the customer, the place and the date are all engraved on the dial.

After the Revolution a change came about in clockmaking. Like all wars, the Revolution was a great leveler. Upper and lower classes drew closer together. Great wealth dwindled or was confiscated. Poor people, tasting for the first time an actual liberty and equality with their neighbors of all classes, began to reach out for luxuries, such, for instance, as clocks. Clockmakers rushed to fill the demand. They turned out large numbers of clocks less carefully made than before, with a consequent loss of quality. Strange to say, however, it was this post-war period which brought out the first real genius and originality. The shackles of Old England had been thrown off in more ways than one! True, collectors had the craft dead and buried before grass grew again on the last Revolutionary battlefield; but to those interested, not so much in antiques as in early American industry, things had just begun in the clock line! There was a clock renaissance. Although there was little new in the mechanism, makers began to take

pride in turning out distinctive and individual types of cases.

A great school of New England clockmakers arose, who were both craftsmen and manufacturers. They bridged the gap between the old methods and the new. They

were men trained and educated in the old traditions, but in the true spirit of new America they began to reach out towards a more commercialized future; to aspire to Big Business!

The outstanding name of this transition period is that of Simon Willard. It is hard to say whether he belonged to the old order or the new, for he partook of both. He was one of a large Massachusetts family, four of whom became clockmakers, Simon and his brother Aaron being the most suc-

cessful. Simon, born in 1753, made watches and clocks from 1765 to 1839, and died in 1848, aged ninety-five. All through the Revolution he made clocks and watched the making of a new nation. It is possible that even then he foresaw the doom of the tall clock and realized that these newly independent countrymen of his would soon want smaller, cheaper clocks and want them by thousands! He and his brothers, however, continued to make fine specimens of the grandfather's clock, so good, in fact, that today they bring higher prices than any other American-made timepiece. By the way, the Willards applied the term



IVES CLOCK BY CHAUNCEY JEROME AND LAWSON C. IVES, FROM THE PATTERN INVENTED BY JOSEPH IVES



"timepiece" only to those clocks which did not strike. Simon Willard, from his "Clock Dial" in Roxbury Street, Boston, advertised that he could furnish large clocks for steeples at \$500 to \$900 each, according to the number of dials displayed, on one, two, three or four sides of the steeple; also meeting-house clocks; chime clocks; and "common eight-day clocks with very elegant faces and mahogany cases" at from \$50 to \$60.

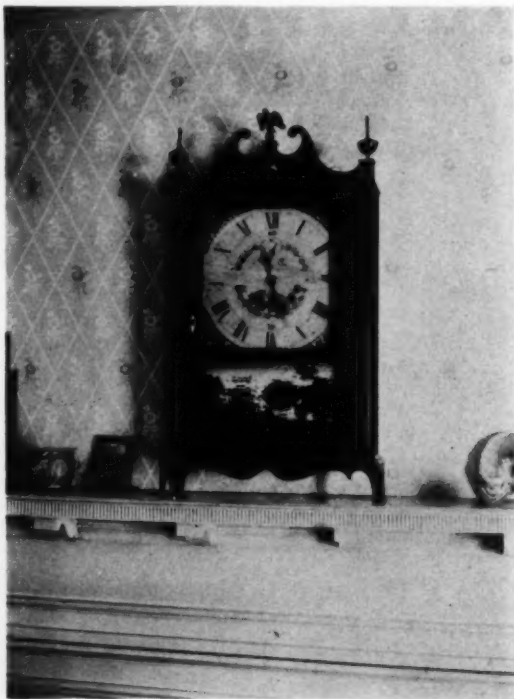
But Simon Willard was not satisfied with the old ways. He conceived and executed the first real innovation in Americanclock-making, the "banjo clock," possibly with the assistance of his brother Aaron. This clock was patented by Simon in 1802 as "an improved timepiece," which would indicate

that the changes were in the mechanism as well as in the case. The banjo clock has an ancient English prototype in the "Act of Parliament Clock" which hung in English inns and public places, its name derived from the fact that a certain act of Parliament had placed such a heavy tax on privately owned clocks and watches that citizens must needs run to the corner tavern to ascertain the time. The Act of Parliament Clock was an ugly, ungainly affair, quite similar to those cold, dispassionate clocks which some of us remember as hanging in schools and railway stations in the

gay nineties, when schools and railway stations were anything but gay! Willard's banjo clocks, however, were things of beauty, and had a decorative quality which must have made them appeal to the feminine members of our new democracy.

Another thing originated by Simon Willard, or at least introduced into common use by him, was the use of "clock-papers," which were neatly printed labels pasted inside the clock, bearing the maker's name and address, and usually some instructions as to the care of the clock. This custom largely superseded that of engraving the maker's name on the clock dial.

The Willards were probably the first to make the tall flat shelf clock which stood from two to three feet high



SHELF CLOCK OF THE TERRY TYPE MADE BY SETH THOMAS, SHOWING THE INFLUENCE OF THE EARLY PARTNERSHIP BETWEEN TERRY AND THOMAS

and was not unlike a long-case clock divested of its middle portion or waist. In other words, the Willard shelf clock consisted of two parts, a broad hood which housed the works and dial, and a slightly wider base with solid panels. It was thicker from front to back than the shelf clocks which were later developed, and must have required a deep and roomy mantel shelf.

Simon Willard installed clocks in the University of Virginia, and four in Harvard University, which he kept in order as long as he lived. The Willards were a really great family. Besides the four clocks they



furnished Harvard with four of its presidents! Simon, the clockmaker, lived for a good quarter-century past the time when his beloved grandfather clocks ceased to be built. He was the last of the great eighteenth century craftsmen, passing his benign old age in the midst of a dizzy, swiftly moving era of machine manufacture and quantity output in the realm of timepieces.

The scene now shifts to Connecticut, where Eli Terry, father of the modern American clock, began his first use of waterpower for clockmaking at Plymouth, Conn., in 1800. As the year 1700 approximately opens the hand-made clock period of America, so the year 1800 reluctantly and gently closes it, although the handcraft continued, gradually diminishing, until about 1820. After that date scarcely a tall clock was made in America, either by hand or machine, until the modern "Colonial" revival. Penrose Hoopes, in "Connecticut Clockmakers of the Eighteenth Century," says: "Modern shelf clocks introduced about 1815 sounded the death knell of the craft." This extreme pessimism, however, is shared only by those who find no good to exist in any but hand-made articles. The truth is that the greatest names in American clockmaking are those of men who began their work during the hand-made period and ended it during the

machine-made period; men who carried over the best of one method into the improved conditions of the other. Eli Terry, Silas Hoadley, Joseph Ives, Chauncey Jerome, and Seth Thomas added their names to that of Simon Willard in forming

a Roll of Honor in early nineteenth century clockmaking.

Thus began, soon after the close of the eighteenth century, the modern era of American clockmaking; an intense, rapid, high-g geared period, or whatever would correspond to those terms a century ago. But that dramatic period is another story, which partakes of another spirit than that which produced the hand-made. Whether it was a lesser or more unworthy spirit, the prospective of time does not yet enable us to say.



A GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK OF THE LATE EIGHTEENTH OR EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY

In the whole realm of handcraft, however, we can conceive of no greater pride of accomplishment than that which must have possessed a clockmaker when he surveyed his finished product, especially if it were a tall clock. Its beauty must have inclined many a clockmaker to keep his product rather than sell it, even though the craft formed his livelihood. The love of the maker for his own product, into which he has put long hours of labor, the best efforts of his brain and the creative touch of his own hands, undoubtedly constitutes the vital element in the "Spirit of the Hand-made."



# The Viking Cross

KAY HUNTLEY

*Illustrations by Caroline and Eleanor Browning*

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

**L**EIF, the son of Eric the Red, rescues from a reef in the sea some shipwrecked persons who were en route from Iceland to Greenland. Leif is returning from Vineland, a land he has just discovered in the west, and one hitherto unknown.

Among those so saved from the sea, is Gudrid, the daughter of Thorbiorn Vifilsson, her younger sister, Sigrid, who is telling the tale, Sigrid's twin brother Siegfred, and Harald, a lad about Siegfred and Sigrid's age, whose parents have both been drowned, and who lives henceforth with the family of Thorbiorn Vifilsson.

After the rescue of Gudrid, who is noted for her beauty, her inner vision and pleasing character, Leif is called by his men Leif the Lucky. And because Gudrid is much interested in the Western Land, Leif's men tease her by saying that it must be the land is hers. Finally they make a play on the sound of her name, calling the land of Leif's discovery, Vineland the Good.

Leif and Gudrid are Christians, Leif having introduced Christianity into Greenland on his return

from a visit to the King of Norway. But Eric the Red, discoverer of Greenland and leader of the Greenland colonists, is a pagan. Eric welcomes the rescued ones to his home known as Brattahlid, as do also his sons, Thorvald and Thorstein, but Freydis, a daughter, takes immediate dislike to Gudrid and is very rude to her.

At Brattahlid is one who Sigrid refers to as The Hawk, and she admits that from the first she is enthralled with him, although she realizes there is something dangerous about him.

Eric sends for Thorbiorn Vifilsson to spend the winter at his home where Gudrid, Sigrid, Siegfred and Harald also remain as guests. Before reaching Greenland Leif has won the love of Gudrid, and wishes an immediate betrothal. This Eric will not approve and counsels delay, though he gives no reason. Eric is known, however, as one who sees into the future, and apparently he does not believe happiness will come from such a union, and that it may cause unfriendliness between the two families, which have long been friendly.

Eric, however, is very proud when Leif tells of his discovery of the New Land in the west, which

had been glimpsed before by a ship blown out of its course. In many ways the tale reminds Eric of his own discovery of Greenland.

Sigrid watching Eric recalls that he himself was exiled from Norway and then from Iceland because his hot temper led him into great difficulties, and that he has required of Leif an oath that he will never take the life of a Viking, save in open battle, that otherwise he shall forfeit Brattahlid and his place in the high seat.

In the midst of the tale of Vineland, Tyrker, a German, who has been in Eric's household since Leif was a small child, who journeyed with Leif on his voyage of discovery and of whom Leif is very fond, breaks into a wild dance of glee, and dies suddenly in Leif Erickson's arms.

At the burial feast for Tyrker, Leif continues his tale of the Western Land and reveals that he named the land he discovered Vineland because Tyrker discovered grapevines there, and that such naming was Tyrker's wish.

After the story is over Sigrid witnesses an affectionate scene between Leif and Gudrid, and Gudrid later tells her young sister that she desires but two things in the world, that Leif shall always love her, and that she may some day journey to the land which Leif has discovered.

Gudrid wears a cross of gold which belonged to her mother, and to this Sigrid attaches great significance, for once Gudrid told her she thought their mother guided and guarded her by means of the cross. Moreover there is an old tradition that as long as the cross is kept safely the wearer will not fail her destiny, but should it be lost then misfortune will follow. Leif had rescued the cross when it fell from Gudrid's neck into the sea.

A plague descends upon the settlement and Eric the Red bids the Greenland sibyl to Brattahlid to look into the future and see what it may hold. Though Gudrid is a Christian she is the only one in the hall knowing the ancient "spell-song," having heard it from her foster-mother in Iceland. And as this song is necessary for the sibyl to work her magic, Gudrid sings the song, after which the sibyl prophesies that the plague will soon disappear. Then turning to Gudrid she declares she will look to what fate may await her. Apparently what she sees terrifies, frightens and amazes her, for she utters a long scream, and finally breathes the word "Gudrid!"

## VI

"I HAVE looked often into the future and have told true things, though sometimes I have chosen to speak in riddles or to keep silence regarding that which is revealed to me," began the sibyl, still looking dazed, and speaking as though she chose her words carefully. "But never have I seen such a thing as the spirits are showing me this night.

"For I see a land with white towers reaching toward the clouds, and a noise like

thunder encircles them. At their feet men are swarming like ants from an anthill, or fish when they spawn in the spring. And about the tops of the towers move great and awful birds. They are brilliant as flowers and the sun flashes from their sides, so that I am blinded as I look. They are larger than the largest eagle or the great auk, and they utter a noise louder than the humming of many swarms of bees. Terrible are they to see and to hear.

"But—wait. I see men sitting inside these things, and they guide them now to the left and now to the right as they will, yea even in whirls and spirals through the air. Verily many centuries are lying between what I see and this night!

"And beyond the towers which rise like icebergs from the edge of the sea, are yet other places with towers, and I am given to know that the towers are built in the cities of this land. And the land itself is such as never before have I glimpsed. There are fields blue-green with grain, and fields of silver barley, and other grain with broad and rustling leaves.

"There are vineyards hung with grapes, crimson and green and blue. There are orchards heavy with red fruit and with gold. Blossoms and good herbs grow in this land. Cattle and sheep and horses are there in abundance, and the trees are many and mighty. Mountains and plains and great rivers are there, and lakes of peaceful waters. Ocean waves touch the shores in the east, and ocean waves touch likewise the shores in the west, even as happens in Greenland. But this land that I see is much greater than Greenland, greater than I have ever dreamed a land could be. It has many harbours and its harbours are filled with ships, but the ships are without sails and great in size.

"I am given to know that the Allthing<sup>1</sup> ruling in this country is of the people themselves and not of king. And their temples are built not to Odin or Thor, but to the White Christ, who was born, says the new priest, beyond the Southern Sea,<sup>2</sup> and bells ring in His honour.

"But the towers are dimming before my eyes. Now they are gone, and the centuries

<sup>1</sup> The governing body.

<sup>2</sup> The Mediterranean.

are drawing closer to this night. And again I see the land. But the cities have not yet been built, nor the fields sown, and the men whom I see stealing through the forests have skins the color of our cliffs of red sandstone.

"In one place only do I see men with white skins. And some whom I see are in this room this night. And others whom I see there are men of Iceland.

"The dragon boats are drawn up on the beach. Cattle are grazing peacefully about the log cabins which these men have built, and in the doorway of one sits a woman rocking a baby in a cradle fashioned from a tree-trunk. She sings as she rocks the cradle with her foot, while her hands are busy with her spinning.

"The sun flashes light from the cross which is on her bosom, and I am given to know that this is the mother of the New Land, and one who shall win, perchance, much honor, though the way which she travels is often marked both with sorrow and despair. Only with a strong heart, and with great faith will she be able to pass unscathed through the dangers and hatred which surround her, and fulfill her destiny.

"There is more to be told, though perhaps it were best to conceal from you who hear my voice, the name of her whom I see in the cabin door. Yet I shall speak plainly and this I will say, the voice which I hear coming from the cabin door is the voice which has woven an old spell at Brattahlid this night. But the song which comes from the cabin door in the strange land I have been shown, is weaving a new spell which surprises even me.

"Shall I tell you more?" she asked suddenly, in her usual voice, seeming to be back for the moment in the room at Brattahlid.

There was a sharp breath of disappointment from the listeners in the hall as Gudrid shook her head. And this was followed by their murmur of protest, and I saw Gudrid's hand move suddenly in a gesture toward Leif.

The sibyl saw it too, and smiled an evil smile. "You shall make a worthy match here in Greenland," she said, and paused as though listening. Then her lips twisted wryly as she continued, "But it shall not be of long duration, for your path in the future leads out to Iceland."

"Now she is looking into the past instead of the future," whispered Siegfred. "The centuries still slip backward," and he pinched me lightly.

"Shall I tell you more?" demanded the sibyl again.

And again Gudrid shook her head.

"You are a strange woman," said the sibyl. "My foresight is not generally so lightly passed by, nor do people often turn aside from that which I can reveal. However, it shall be as you wish. Only this I will say, for I could not withhold it if I would—above your head brighter rays of light are shining than I have power to unfold clearly, or you to understand. Now fare thee well, and health to thee, my daughter, for there shall come a time when thou wilt need it mightily."

She gestured a dismissal, and Gudrid stepped back from the dais.

Then others in the hall pressed forward and asked the old woman questions to which they desired answers. She spoke readily, for the most part to all that asked—the childless woman was promised twin sons before the year had spent itself; a farmer was advised to leave the Eastern Settlement and try his luck in the Western One; a third questioner received an evasive answer as to the recovery of his wife, but was assured that the spring would bring him good news of an inheritance from Iceland, and this latter comfort seemed to satisfy his disappointment over the first answer. An old man was advised to give up his hunting lest one day he fail to return, and a maiden fled in tears from the sibyl's admonition against casting eyes toward one already wedded.

Neither Leif nor his brothers asked any question; nor had Eric apparently any desire for knowledge other than that which had concerned the plague.

Finally the sibyl called to her host and said, "Is there naught concerning yourself that you wish to know?"

Eric shook his head and answered, "As to that I know sufficient, aye, more than I would."

The sibyl continued to gaze at him as though fascinated. And finally she spoke, "Eric, you have ordered your own life well, and have made your luck good when it might have continued bad. But you live

in one generation only, and you cannot control the next. In that matter you will fail previously. Seldom," she added sharply, "does the young hawk fly beyond the heights of the old."

Eric said nothing.

I had drawn close as the two had been speaking, for I wanted much to ask her concerning my destiny, but dared not. Now she turned swiftly toward me and said, "Your thoughts are insistent, so I answer.

"Through long years you must fight to conquer a sin that was not sinned. For the will to sin is in you, and is as bad as the deed. But the deepest shadow from your wilfulness spreads beyond you." The sibyl's eyes glittered and she licked her lips with her tongue.

"Do not listen," said Gudrid, throwing an arm about me, drawing me back from the sibyl, and close to her own side.

"Nay, I will not hurt the child. Would that others were as careful," said the old woman with a snicker. Then she flung out abruptly, and almost it seemed against her will, "Yet I think she will conquer even the dark shadow. For sometimes that which is evil is quick to understand and triumph over that which is kindred to its nature." She glared at me, as though she hated me, and I began to tremble.

Then I felt Siegfred standing at my other side, and between my brother and my sister I felt safe even from the sibyl. Siegfred was saying boldly, "Tell me all that the future holds for me."

The sibyl looked at him, and her anger disappeared. She patted his head as though he were a kitten and passed her attention to Harald, who also had drawn close, and to him she spoke. "You are wont to hold yourself in readiness, but those who value themselves not highly must wait long. Though in the end they sometimes acquire more than those who are too bold, or who run swiftly."

But Siegfred was annoyed that the old woman had not answered his question, so again he said, "Tell me all that the future holds."

This time, she stuck her finger under his chin, and scratched him as though he were a puppy demanding attention. But she gave him no answer, and Siegfred thrust out his tongue at her.

Thorvald and Thorstein had become tired of the talking and had gone out of the house. Leif still sat in his seat, but pretended not to hear what was going on, and the old woman seemed to feel his disdain and sought to catch his eye. When at last she did she held the glance and flung out, "It is one thing to gain and another to hold, but a temper held is not always a temper controlled."

Leif only looked at her as though she were a mosquito buzzing.

"Listen or not, as you choose," said the old woman, "but this you may remember. Destiny marks, but man himself chooses."

To Freydis' question, the old woman nodded and promised great fortune, but would not say from whence it came, nor whether it would remain. And something seemed to amuse her mightily so that at last she laughed a roaring laugh such as a man might give, and through the rumbling spoke, "Clever you are, Freydis, and shrewder than most, but by cleverness are you undone, and by shrewdness are you brought low."

And when none in the hall had any more questions, the sibyl drew a great sigh and stood up, with her skinny arms stretching high above her head. A great hush fell upon the hall, for they expected some portentous announcement, *some prophecy of great importance.*

Still as a dead stick thrust in the snow stood the old woman, her sleeves falling back from her skinny arms, her eyes shining and wild, as she opened her mouth and said in a loud voice, "The weather will improve soon and spring will come fast."

And before those in the hall had recovered from their disappointment, she cackled loudly, and grabbed up her staff which stood beside her chair. This she banged upon a flagstone, and called loudly for her cloak and hood, her gloves and shoes. As soon as these were fitted to her, she took up her staff once more. Everyone stood up, and Eric went to her side and took her through the passage.

And as she went away into the night a curious odor that had preceded her entrance into the hall, that had hovered over the sibyl all the time she had been among us, and that had grown stronger while she





prophesied, seemed to be folded into her cloak, and was carried away with her.

Eric returned to the hall from seeing her off, and announced that the weather had already moderated, so it was plain that the old woman spoke truth.

I shuddered and said to Gudrid, "Are you not afraid of what she said?"

Gudrid answered, "Have you not heard that these things are evil, and that one should not put their trust in evil things? What must come to pass will come, and fear will not stop it, nor make the meeting easier. But forget what she said to you. She was angered I think that you stared."

However there came a worried look on Gudrid's face, as she spoke the last words, so that I knew though she was not afraid of aught the sibyl had said concerning herself, she liked not what had been said concerning me. Yet Gudrid never dreamed that the shadow of which the sibyl spoke was already upon me.

For through the short winter days I had

been meeting The Hawk at times when the women were busied at their weaving, and the men at the smithy sharpening their weapons, or off on the hunt for the birds that had come down from the north, or at their fishing so that the food might not fail in the storehouse.

At first these meetings had come about by chance on my part. When I passed by the cow-byres The Hawk was there; and did I bring aught to the pigs from the house leavings, he was there. And when I chanced to go alone to the sheepfold to carry them a bunch of ground willow from the turf-covered pile in the sheep-yard, or a dish of dried fish<sup>3</sup> from the storehouse, he was there before me.

He spoke to me with soft words, praising my braids of hair, my eyes and my lips.

<sup>3</sup> Capelin, fish caught in the spring and dried are still used to feed sheep in Greenland, and they eat it, it is said, with much avidity. In the time of Eric the Red, birch leaves and sea-weed were probably also used.



He said that whoever should marry me would be the proudest man in all Greenland.

He asked me questions, too, as to what he should or should not do, concerning small business affairs. For I was very wise, he said, far beyond my years, and he had need of my wisdom and counsel.

And what did I think of his going to Norway in the spring? He had much to tell me of that land, for he had been there before. So he made a little nest in the hay which was stored in the other side of the cow-byre from where the milk cattle stood. The nest was so cleverly hidden that one must know where it was to find it.

When I had time, he said, if I would come to this quiet place, when the men were away and the women busy, he would tell me of much he had seen in his travels. And perchance he could find in his sheepskin bag that held his treasures, some bit of woman's gear, some trifle that might please me. He believed there was a ring there with a red stone . . . or a scarf that had come from Tartary.

In Norway he would buy me many beautiful things, he promised, whatever I might wish. And perchance, he said slyly, I would go with him for the choosing. He would hide me beneath some seal skins in the boat until we were far out at sea. . . .

I drew back a little at that suggestion. For free man though The Hawk was, he was son of a thrall, and I knew my father would not give me to him to wife. And The Hawk knew it too. So he planned to snare unfairly that which he could not take openly.

No doubt he believed that then my father and Gudrid would yield to his wishes and give me to him in marriage rather than let my foolishness be known. But his evil purposes I did not, or would not, suspect.

The first time he showed me the nook he had fashioned between the piled hay and the sea-weed, Leif and his men, together with Eric and his housekarls, had gone with sledges down to Leif's ship to bring some loads of trading things from Vineland to the Brattahlid storehouse for safekeeping until spring when the trading ships should take them to Iceland or Norway.

Naught happened between us two that time, save that The Hawk told me his pretty stories, and kissed me. And he told me also

that in his eyes I was lovelier than Gudrid. He fingered my braids of hair and said it was finer than Gudrid's even though it was not so long. He wound the braids about his neck, and said he was my prisoner, and that no man could be captive to a fairer maid. I took pleasure in listening to these words, even though I knew full well that Gudrid excelled me in all things.

But when I was leaving the byre I saw a woman's tracks in the snow, and knew that someone had followed me. I saw that the tracks leaving the byre were but freshly made, and the slow-falling snow flakes had not yet blunted the edges. I went to the hall with a fast-beating heart, for I feared that Gudrid had made them.

However I found her at the weaving house, and she showed me proudly how much she had woven that day, so I knew it could not have been my sister at the cow-byre. So I tried to think that I must have been mistaken and that the tracks were not freshly made. Almost I persuaded myself this was so.

After that day, whenever it chanced there were but few people at Brattahlid, I grew more careful when I slipped out to The Hawk to talk to him in the hiding place he had made for us. I was very clever, I thought, in the way I managed the meetings. And to disguise myself I did not wear my own scarlet mantle, but would put on my shoulders, as though by chance, the blue one that had belonged to our mother, the one which Gudrid usually wore.

But once when wrapped in this mantle I left the cow-byre, and The Hawk went outside with me to watch me off, I saw two people in a little copse of birches by the fjord some distance off, looking toward the place. They were so far away I could not make out who they were, but I was fairly certain it was a man and a woman. Later I guessed, they were Freydis and Leif, and Leif who could see further than most men, had made out the blue of my mantle, and had thought I was my sister.

This thing I suspected first when Leif sat silent in the hall that night and would scarcely speak to Gudrid or anyone else. Though once he turned to her suddenly and asked her a question. She answered in a surprised tone, "Nay."

Then Leif looked blacker and more angry than ever. The room seemed cold and heavy with foreboding, so I was not surprised when Eric soon ordered us all to bed.

It passed through my mind once as I lay there sleepless that perhaps I knew the question which Leif had asked of Gudrid. But I was not certain, and inasmuch as I could not imagine that any who knew my sister should suspect her of wrongdoing, I cast the idea aside, and finally slept. But my dreams were not happy.

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Yet I had not learned my lesson, though I waited for some days before going again to the nest in the hay. But one morning when Eric and Leif and most of the others started off with their sledges to bring back some hay that had been cut and stacked under turf roofs at the out farm, far from Brattahlid, I snatched up the blue mantle and hurried to that place.

For never did The Hawk go on these expeditions with the men. He pleaded an ancient wound which made travel difficult, but I caught a gleam in his eye when he said it, and I knew it was ever but a pretext in order to stay where he might meet me.

And that day The Hawk was changed in his attitude toward me. For he gave me no soft words, but seized my arm roughly and caused me such fright that I would have shrieked.

But I did not, for shame and fear of scolding, for I knew in that moment the wrong I had done in meeting The Hawk secretly. And suddenly I heard Gudrid's voice. She was in the byre and was speaking my name, "Sigrid, Sigrid, are you here?"

"Be still," hissed The Hawk in my ear, and covered my mouth with his hand. But I bit suddenly and sharply upon his fingers, and felt the bone hard beneath my teeth, so that he snatched his hand back with a smothered oath, and I answered sobbingly, "Yes, Gudrid."

"Come forth at once, my sister," said Gudrid. And I came with the tears streaming.

The light from the roof window covered with greased gut skin was sufficient for Gudrid to see me, for it was midday and the sun shining. I nearly cried out at the

sorrow in Gudrid's face, but she was speaking sharply, "And you, too, rightly called The Hawk. Come forth and hear what I have to say to one who would attempt to rob the nest of a birdling."

And The Hawk stood forth, for he knew she was but a woman, and he deemed her words small matter to hear. And I think, he knew that she would say naught to others of what had happened, for that I, too, was much to blame.

Gudrid spoke, and the words which fell from her mouth were given in a low and even voice, yet it seemed to me they were like hot coals, like burning fire in that place "Cursed be you and your tribe. For such as you are offal of the earth, less than the maggots that fatten on disease and to be despised beyond murderers. For you is reserved the worst torments of the damned, torment that will never cease, and no horror that can be devised to make you suffer is sufficient punishment for such as you. Compared to such as you the worms of the earth are beyond value. I say again, cursed be you and your tribe."

I shook with horror to hear these words from the lips of my gentle sister, and even The Hawk paled and great fear was in his eyes, for naught is of such effect as the curse of a pure maiden. From it there is no escape.

When Gudrid had spoken the words she bent and wrapped me in my own scarlet mantle, which she had thrown over herself when she followed me to the byre. The folds had scarce fallen about me, when Gudrid caught her breath, for other footsteps were stealing down the turf passage into the byre. She knew that what had happened could not be kept secret.

When she saw Freydis and Leif, she turned her face away, for these she had not expected, and knew not for the moment what she should say.

But Freydis was laughing as she came, and she pointed to Gudrid saying, "See your Gudrid, and know that what I have told you again and again is verily true."

I understood suddenly that Leif had but pretended going with the others and had intended all the time to steal back from the men to see if the thing which Freydis had been telling him and which he half-believed of Gudrid were really so.

When Freydis finished speaking, Leif flung his hand hard against her lips so that the blood dripped from one corner of her mouth. She smiled through the blood and seemed not to mind.

"So, it is true," said Leif to my sister. "I could not believe it when I first saw you leave him in your blue cloak. But now there is no doubting."

And he looked from Gudrid as she stood by the piled hay in her wadmal dress, with no cloak about her, and her head uncovered. And he looked at me wrapped in the scarlet mantle, and said bitterly, "And a child is made to keep watch while her sister sins!"

The Hawk spoke up quickly. "Is it so strange that the man is enthralled by the beauty which pleases the master?" For he realized instantly that Leif thought Gudrid and not I had kept tryst with him.

"Leif!" I shrieked, for I could not bear that he should say or think such things of my sister.

But Gudrid seized me by both shoulders and her fingers pressed hard into my flesh. "By the love of our mother, say no word!" she commanded. "I have made a poor business of caring for thee, and mine is the blame in this matter."

She was thinking it was her fault that she had not guarded me better against such a one as The Hawk. Yet I think no guarding could have saved me from learning danger for myself, for I had been dazzled and went to choose my own path. Now, looking at The Hawk as he leaned against the stones of the inner wall, I hated him. For while I had not seen the snare before my own feet, I saw clearly how a snare had been prepared for my sister. And Gudrid would not even struggle to escape!

"She boasts of her sin, so sunken is she!" cried Freydis, looking with delight at Gudrid, while a little foam gathered between her lips and was tinted by the blood oozing from one corner.

But Leif stood silent now as the stones in the wall, though his face was dark as a starless night in midwinter, and his hands opened and shut, opened and shut. The blood which purpled his cheeks ebbed away, and returned again. Yet still he stood, motionless save for the opening and closing of his hands.

And suddenly I knew he was thinking of the oath Eric had required of him—that he was never to kill save in battle, and that if he broke his oath, he should forfeit his inheritance—and that he was weighing Brattahlid against Gudrid's honor. And I thought of Eric the Red and knew that in Leif's place, Eric would have killed The Hawk with his bare hands, though he forfeited a dozen Brattahlids and were exiled forever from the land. And I wondered greatly at Leif's control. I could not realize that the habit of his oath had grown through years of mastery upon him.

He was thinking of his heritage, and of the high seat in the hall. And in that moment he thought not at all of Vineland, because that land was forged in his mind with Gudrid. Now he hated her, and had he thought of the new land, he would have hated that also, for it was named after her.

Sorrow lay like a winter mist on Gudrid's face, but there was no bitterness there, and her voice was calm as she bent toward me, "Get my cloak," she said. "The blue one!" she added as I started to remove the scarlet mantle.

I felt the blood hot in my cheeks, but I did as she bade me. And as I returned with the cloak I heard Leif saying to Gudrid, "Between us two there can be naught further."

And Gudrid echoed calmly, "Naught further!"

Then again would I have spoken but Gudrid held me fast and said, "By the love of our mother—swear!"

## VII

The next morning both The Hawk and Leif were gone, and I dared not ask what had become of them. Though I heard after that The Hawk had fled on skis to some friends, where he had hidden during the winter, and as soon as the coming of spring made it possible, he went by boat to the Western Settlement. Finally he went in a trading boat to Norway.

Leif had followed his men to the out-farm, but when some came back with the hay, they reported that Leif and a few of his men would stay there until spring. They would hunt foxes during the winter, came the report.

The hall at Brattahlid now seemed strangely quiet, and a shadow seemed to rest on all faces save that of Freydis. She went about with a smile set crooked on her mouth. For she had laid her plans well and accomplished what she had desired.

To me she would have been kind had I suffered her, for she knew that should I break my oath to Gudrid, and tell the truth I would be believed. She brought me raisins she had hidden from the Vineland boat, and I dared not refuse them, but I fed them to Eric's white falcon. She brought me a nut she had saved from a trading boat, and I gave it to Siegfred and pretended I did not like it.

I stayed much by myself, and I went over all that had happened again and again. I knew now that the footsteps I had seen in the snow when I left the byre the first time, were the footsteps of Freydis. I knew too that she had lured Leif with her evil words to the copse by the fjord to spy on the blue wrapped figure, and that Freydis had told him it was Gudrid. Yet all the time Freydis realized full well that her evil words were untrue and that I was the guilty one. For even when she went forth to urge Leif to spy with her from the birches, she left Gudrid in the weaving house busy at the loom.

Yet Freydis' nature was such, that now she had succeeded in making Gudrid appear evil in the eyes of Leif, she was not content. But having taken one scheme from the loom she set about the weaving of others; and must show her crooked cloth to yet other eyes.

So she told Thorvald and Thorstein the tales she had told Leif; and she told of the meeting of Leif and Gudrid in the byre, and that Gudrid had denied naught but had gloried in her guilt.

I did not hear her say these things to them, but I was lying half asleep on a pile of furs in the great hall, when Eric's younger sons came in to their father and said that either Freydis and her husband must leave Brattahlid or they would go.

"She is spreading evil tales," they declared. But they would not repeat them.

"Send Freydis to me," ordered Eric. "She shall tell these tales to me, and I will judge of them."

At the order Freydis came from the weaving house and stood before her father. Her

hair was covered with a linen headdress,<sup>4</sup> but the covering was soiled, and unkempt wisps of red straggled out from underneath. Her dress was of a fair material that had come from Norway, and it had insets of silk. But it ill became her for she was careless and slovenly of habit. As she strode into the hall, she caught the skirt on a protruding stone, and tore it, so that she must hold the place together with her fingers.

The corner where I was lying was dark, for little light came in from the smoke vent above the long fire. A single torch burned in front of Eric and lighted up his face.

I was too wearied to move, and too spent with grief to care whether I lived or died. Little did I know what I was about to hear.

For from Freydis' lips spilled word after word of the evil tale she had told of Gudrid. Though never, as long as I live, will I repeat it, for I had not thought anyone could be guilty of such vileness of speech and of thought. And now not weariness but horror kept me in my place.

Eric listened at first with amazement, as though he could not comprehend the words which were leaping over each other from Freydis' mouth. But when suddenly he seemed to realize what terrible things she was saying, and about whom she was saying them, he stood up and such an anger came upon his face that I was frightened and trembled like a leaf in the autumn winds.

He spake no word, but he lifted his staff and struck Freydis so that she fell to the floor, and then he shouted that her tale was a lie.

She lay there laughing and answered, "Then why is it that Leif has left the hall and why does he not return? He it is who should defend Gudrid, if there is aught to defend, and not his father who himself is enamoured of this Gudrid and envious, perchance of The Hawk."

Suddenly I saw the old man was shaken from head to foot, not as a leaf trembles, but as the trunk of the beech shakes when the winter gale seizes upon it. He started to speak, but no sound came forth. And he fell back helpless upon the high seat.

Freydis laughed as she rose, gave him a

<sup>4</sup> Such as worn by married women.



single look, shrugged her shoulders, and went from the hall limping a little and holding her side, and I was alone with Eric.

I crept from the pile of furs and went to him, and when he saw me he tried again to speak, but could not. I fell on my knees at his side, and my tears poured down and drenched his hand. He motioned toward the beaker of ale, and I poured some in a horn and gave him a drink. After that he seemed a little better.

And when he spoke it was to say gently, but somewhat thickly, "Sigrid, Sigrid, was it you, little one?"

I could say naught for I had sworn to Gudrid on our mother's cross. But I sobbed yet more bitterly and Eric put shaking hands on either side of my face. And he held my face close and looked deep in my eyes.

Then he said sorrowfully, "I knew that Gudrid never would have failed. But in you there was always a little that was evil. Now," he added gently, "it is gone."

"But Leif did not think as you," I sobbed. Eric ground his teeth and moaned. Finally he said, "This must have been the dark sorrow which I saw lying ahead of Leif and Gudrid when I refused their betrothal."

"Let me bring Gudrid to you," I said, for I saw that he was ill, and Gudrid was known for her skill.

But Eric forbade it, saying, "Call me my sons."

I found Thorvald and Thorstein replacing some stones on the tun<sup>5</sup> and they hurried with me into the hall. As soon as they saw Eric, they said, "Is it that you are not well?"

"It is naught," said Eric, "I was angered with Freydis."

I looked upon Eric and his two sons, and it came to me that these were more like Eric than Leif. This I thought exceeding

<sup>5</sup> The fence, encircling the hall and farm buildings.



strange, for I had always thought of Leif and Eric as being much the same in appearance, save that Eric bore the snows of winter upon him, and Leif was still at the spring.

And then I saw that this likeness which I beheld now in Thorvald and Thorstein was a likeness in heart, that in these two sons the Eric of old looked forth, temper and all, but most of all that the dreams of Eric looked forth from their eyes.

I realized then that the words of the sibyl were true, that a temper held is not always a temper controlled, and that Leif had but seemed to control his temper and had set his worship of goods and position to the task. And I understood, too, what the sibyl had meant when she had warned Eric that in requiring the oath of Leif, he had not been wise.

For Thorvald and Thorstein had the glint of red in their hair and their beards, and their eyes were deep and at most times gentle, but now they were filled with fire. Thorvald's hair was the redder, but the eyes of Thorstein held the deeper fire.

He it was who spoke, "We know not why you were angered, but it may be that Freydis told you a tale of evil concerning Gudrid, such a one as she told us?"

Thorvald interrupted, "Should not Sigrid leave us while we speak?"

"No," said Eric, "let her stay." I knew that he did this because he deemed it part of my punishment to hear how the evil was spreading. Then he answered Thorvald, "Aye, Freydis told me a tale."

Said Thorstein, "We must stop this story before it goes too far."

"And how will you stop it? Can you stop the ice of the glacier or the waves of the sea? A woman's tongue is a horse running with no bridle."

"The sun melts the ice. The boat rides the waves, and a running horse can be caught and bridled," answered Thorstein.

"It takes strength to do these things," said Eric, and he sighed. For none had yet noticed that one of his arms hung helpless at his side.

Thorstein hesitated, and Thorvald said, "Before Leif departed he told me there would be naught further between him and Gudrid. Yet the news is abroad that the families of Thorbiörn Vifilsson and Eric

the Red are to be joined at a betrothal feast in the spring. We crave therefore, that you ask Gudrid of her father for one of us, if Gudrid so wishes it. Then it will be thought that the name of the son of Eric was mixed in the drinking horns—which would not be strange, for Leif's name has been on everyone's tongue, because of his discoveries.

Eric was perplexed and looked at his sons and said, "Which one of you craves this permission?"

Thorvald answered, "By Gudrid's choice we will abide."

"Aye," said Thorstein.

"You have heard the tale Freydis gives?" questioned Eric, "—all of it?"

"We have heard it all," said Thorstein.

Thorvald added, "There could not be more."

"And do you believe it?"

The two brothers of Leif cried as in one breath, "No!"

"Do you know what really happened, which makes the story appear true?"

The two brothers shook their heads and declared that whatever had happened they would not believe the tale.

"You are truly my sons," said Eric the Red. "Neither do I believe this thing of Gudrid." He never looked toward me, nor said aught of what he had learned from my eyes.

"There are two things more," said Eric. "Before I give you leave to be present when I speak to Thorbiörn Vifilsson, will you promise never to question Gudrid as to what happened?"

"Her affairs are her affairs. There was naught evil," said Thorstein.

And Thorvald said likewise.

"And will you give up your plans to kill the Hawk?" added Eric quietly.

The brothers were silent and would not promise.

"I shall leave you no inheritance if you refuse this thing," said Eric firmly.

But still they would not promise.

"I shall exile you both from this land," said Eric.

The brothers bowed their heads. They could not see as I saw the light in Eric's eyes.

Then at last Eric said slowly, "I shall not continue much longer among you, for my



days are now numbered. And so as a final requirement I ask of you that you give up your plans concerning The Hawk. For I have already spilled overmuch blood and would not go bathed in more to Valhalla, save that I go in battle. But if you will not promise me this, then must I carry out the deed, and not you."

Then Thorvald and Thorstein hesitated no longer, but gave Eric their promise to do naught to The Hawk, so that he left Greenland forever in the spring.

"That, I can vouch for, he will do," said Eric. A trace of a smile was for a moment on his lips.

Then he sent once more for Freydis, and what he told her I know not. But this I know that when she came from him she was cowed and quivering, seeming like the hare that hides from the hunter. And with her husband she went to her own home, not waiting even for the spring, but fleeing in a sledge across the ice of the fjord.

Eric that day called for our father to come to him to take up the matter of betrothing one of his sons to Gudrid. They talked long and earnestly together, and our father must have agreed that the betrothal should be made, but that the choosing between Thorstein and Thorvald be left to Gudrid, and not, as is often done, depend upon the wisdom of the elders.

So Gudrid was sent for, and it was long before I learned that Gudrid declared she herself would not choose, but would leave that matter in the hands of Eric and our father. And they decided—I have never known for certain, but I think they cast lots—that the betrothal should be between Thorstein and Gudrid. When they announced their decision Thorvald said they had chosen wisely, and he was the first to clasp his brother's hand.

Then Eric said he was tired, and asked Thorvald to help him to his bed. So Thorvald was the first to learn that Eric could no longer move one of his arms. And Thorvald cared for his father during the days he remained in his bed. For Lea, which was the name Leif's mother had taken after her conversion, would not go near her husband, saying that his helplessness was a judgment upon him because he would not forsake the old gods and cleave to the one she followed.

Eric laughed when he heard what Lea had said, and declared that she was right in that this was a judgment upon him, and it had been given by one he had wronged long since.

Then Eric rested quietly for many weeks, for he declared he must gather his strength in order to be strong and take his place in the high seat when the betrothal-ale was held.

There were patches of blue water in the fjord, and patches of crimson flowers<sup>6</sup> on the sides of the mountains. The geese and swans were thick on the fjord, and the snow-birds were nesting when the betrothal feast for Gudrid and Thorstein was held at Brattahlid.

Eric could move his arm a little, and he walked alone to the high seat in the hall. All the important folk from the Eastern Settlement were there, and some of these had been with Leif in Vineland. But Leif was not there, for he had broken his leg in hunting and could not be moved from the out-farm. It was told that he had jumped from a high cliff while pursuing a fox, which was a most foolhardy thing to do, and might well have cost him his life.

The husband of Freydis was there, but Freydis, he brought word, was ill and could not come. Eric had nodded and said, "It is well."

Eric and our father and Thorvald laughed and joked, as the horn went round. Yet it was the strangest betrothal-ale I have ever seen. For Gudrid and Thorstein had few words to say. Over Gudrid's face still lay that mist of sorrow which I had seen first on the day when Freydis and Leif came upon us in the cow-byre and Leif had uttered his bitter words. And Thorstein too seemed sad, and looked at his brother Thorvald with grief-stricken eyes. Toward each other Gudrid and Thorstein were gentle, as though each sought to lift the other's burden, knowing all the time that the load was no whit lessened. Even the guests noticed it and said that it seemed more like Thorvald's betrothal than Thorstein's, for Thorvald was the gayer.

There was plenty of meat, for much had been sent to the storehouse from the out-farm by Leif and the men there. But the

<sup>6</sup> *Saxifraga oppositifolia*—crimson saxifrage.

ale was low and watered, and skyr was used more plentifully than is wont.

The wishes poured in upon the two, for many there were in the settlement who had reason to love Gudrid. But in spite of all that was done, it seemed more like a burial-ale than one for a betrothal.

The air was heavy, the jokes forced, until at last Thorvald turned attention from his brother and the betrothed maid to himself. "Give me your good wishes also," he cried gayly, "for I am sailing soon to Vineland the Good!"

There was much talk and excitement then, and laughter came back to the hall. The questions flew to and fro, and the need of ale was forgotten. Many there were who wished to go to Vineland with Thorvald, and each man boasted his accomplishments and the reasons he should be chosen for the journey.

As fast as a boaster gave a reason for his selection, Eric gave, in jest, a reason against it. Did Solvi Ketilsson vaunt his bravery, Eric remembered the time a bear chased him, and did Olaf Einarsson speak of his great strength, there was the time, Eric recalled, when he slipped in the mud and the stone for his house-walls rolled with a splash into the fjord. And as for fearlessness, surely Orm the Loudspoken had not forgotten the spring when he was worsted by the tongue of a small woman!

Because of Eric and Thorvald the betrothal-feast became a happy one, and one long to be remembered. Only when the storyteller answered the demand of the guests and told how Leif had found Vineland the Good, did Eric's eyes find mine. And I understood why Thorvald was sailing for Vineland.

Many were paying a high price that my honor might be saved. But of them all I knew that none paid such a price as Gudrid. Many times I would have told the tale in spite of my oath, but every time I was so minded, the cross on Gudrid's breast seemed to flash fire, so that I was afraid and dared not speak.

Truly the shadow which the sibyl had seen had spread its deepest darkness beyond me.

Siegfred and Harald seemed to know that I was unhappy, but they never dreamed the reason. One of them was always at

my side with something new to interest me. Once it was a baby fox that Siegfred took from its mother as she lay in the snare, and Harald carved me links for a belt, from a piece of mosher wood Tyrker had given him. He even sought to teach me carving, but I was awkward at the task, and after the knife had slipped and cut my hand, he would not suffer me to use it further. Then Gudrid brought me instead the distaff and spindle. And in the twisting of the wool between my fingers I found some comfort.

I used to sit close beside Eric, and the two of us would not speak, but a bond made it seem good to be near him. But after the betrothal-ale he was not as strong, and there came a morning when he could not rise from his bed. And when I bade him farewell I noticed that his speech was very thick. He smiled when he took my hands and said: "It would be well if you grieved not so deeply. What is done is done, and I have told you the evil that was in your eyes is gone. The path you have taken is of your own making, and only you will find the ending. But," said Eric, "I think you will find it."

Then we returned to Stoakkaness with our father. Harald went with us, for so Gudrid wished. Thorstein also journeyed there with us, for it was not far from Brattahlid.

Thorstein and Gudrid continued gentle with each other. I knew that Gudrid was very grateful for the protection which her betrothal to Thorstein gave her. For she realized there had been some scandal spread. But the sorrow-mist was on her face. She sang no more at her work, and one morning I realized that the cross hung no longer outside her dress, that it was hidden against her heart. Was it because she had lost faith in its guarding care? Or was it because it was so forged in her memory with the meeting of Leif?

Fortunate it was that there was much work to be done, for Gudrid had been long from home. And in the doing of this work, she seemed more like herself.

The wool had accumulated in the storehouse, so she brought it out and we washed it in the fjord. After that there were no moments but we were busied with its spinning, and we found comfort in working



together, while Thorstein, Siegfred and Harald helped our father with the making of a garden, and even the planting of barley. For again and again we tried to raise the precious grain. Never yet had we succeeded greatly, but our father always had hope. And even though the grain did not ripen and we continued to depend for such on the trading ships, still the green stalks were good for feeding the cattle, and in Greenland aught that grows is precious.

The day the sheep were taken to the mountains, Gudrid and I had been gathering wild strawberries in a little valley, and as we turned to go home we saw a man waiting on horseback to speak to us. When we drew nearer we saw that it was Leif.

He did not descend from his horse for the leg he had broken still troubled him, and he spoke with hesitation, for he was not sure of himself.

"Gudrid," he said, "I have come to crave your pardon for my hasty words, for they have tormented me a long time."

"It is not necessary," said Gudrid, speaking courteously, "I have forgiven them long since."

And then Leif's words fell one over the other, "Is it not possible," he said, "that things be as they were between us? For me there is but one woman in all the world, and that one you know. Is there naught I can do to repair the damage I have done?"

"You forget that I am betrothed to Thorstein," said Gudrid coldly.

"I forget naught, Gudrid, save that you called me from the reef and I came at the call."

"I am not calling now," said Gudrid.

"But I am calling," said Leif, striving to speak with his old certainty. "I am calling you, Gudrid. From the beginning it was meant that we two should be together. I have my men ready and we can sail at once on the ship which Thorvald plans to use. For it is my ship and I have the right to change my plans. You and I, Gudrid, can go to the New Land and dwell there forever. In Vineland the Good, my

Gudrid, we shall find that which we have lost for a time in Greenland."

"Leif!" cried Gudrid. "Would you forget Eric your father, and your place at Brattahlid? Would you forget Thorstein, your brother, and the rights which the betrothal have given him?"

"I would kill Thorstein rather than he should wed you!" cried Leif.

Gudrid turned as pale then as the fresh-fallen snow. Her hands flew to her face, and she gave a low moan.

But Leif paused not in his speaking, "Let him sit in my place in the hall, and let Thorvald, if he choose, share the seat. Eric thus will have two sons, and as for us, we will build our own hall in the new land and our sons and daughters. . ."

Gudrid stood tall and unspeaking by my side, and when Leif's voice trailed into silence before her level gaze, she answered, "I forget not my vows so easily, Leif. Think you I would flee with you thus and cause sorrow forever between our families? It is not I, Leif, but you," she added more gently, "who have decided this thing. 'Between us there can be naught further.'"

Leif struck his horse then and rode away through the dusk. And after a few days we heard that Thorvald had sailed, as he had planned, for Vineland, the Good.

Before Thorstein returned to Brattahlid, Gudrid told him that Leif had ridden past that spring and had spoken with her. Gudrid was sitting on a rock when she told him this, her distaff as usual under her arm. And Thorstein had thrown himself on the new grass at her side, his fingers playing with some yellow poppies that brushed against Gudrid's skirts.

He grew pale at Gudrid's words. But he said, "Did he wish aught of thee, Gudrid?"

"Yes, he spoke many words," answered Gudrid.

"Gudrid," said Thorstein, "It is not easy for me to say these things. But I know that none see you save they must love you. Even as Thorvald and I have done. For love of you has Thorvald sailed to Vineland. That you know, Gudrid?"

"I know," answered Gudrid.

"And for love of you, I too, would sail—it matters not where, to Norway on the

next boat that goes thence, if so be it you wish it, or that you would be happier freed."

"I have accepted Eric's choice, and it was great kindness and honor that both you and Thorvald offered me," answered my sister. "I have no wish to change—unless," she added with the very ghost of mischief, "that you so wish it, Thorstein."

He caught at her hands then, so that she dropped her spindle and the wool. And he held a hand to either cheek, while Gudrid bent and kissed him on the forehead.

This was a mother's kiss, I thought, such a one as I had many times from her lips. Then I remembered the intensity and the yielding that had been in the kiss I had seen her give Leif on an autumn night when the sky was crimson with the northern lights.

Strange it was that Thorstein now seemed to have taken his place with Siegfred and myself, yes and with Harald. For Gudrid's heart was great with love and it flowered forth to those around her. Where there was need she gave it; but that night with Leif I had seen Gudrid seek love for herself. Aye, she had sped like a child to meet it. She had thirsted for it, as we had thirsted for water on the reef.

But my thoughts were broken by Gudrid's gesture, "See," she cried, pointing, "yonder comes a man on horseback." Thorstein sat up and recognizing a horse from Brattahlid, he hastened forward to meet the rider.

It was sad news that was brought that day. For Eric the Red had died. Alone and in his sleep had he fared forth to an unknown land, going I think without fear. Leif Ericksson was now the master of Brattahlid.

Thorstein went home to his brother, and my father went with him. But Gudrid said she would stay at Stoakkaness, and guide the spring work. I knew that she did this partly because it would have been too hard for her to go to Brattahlid and be in the same hall with Leif.

But a harder thing was yet to be required of her and in that Gudrid would not fail.

For when our father returned from the burial-ale held for Eric the Red, he brought word that Eric had talked to Lea, his wife

the night before he died. He had forgiven her the desertion of his bed, and had told her to continue in the religion which pleased her. That he said, was the right of every man, though he thought her choice a poor one. He had only one wish, he declared, to be carried out, and that was that Gudrid and Thorstein celebrate their bridal ale in the hall at Brattahlid.

Gudrid had her hands filled with herbs she had been gathering when our father told her this. And when she heard it the herbs fell unheeded to the ground.

"It is a hard thing that is required of thee, my Gudrid," said our father. "And methinks that Eric will not be grieved now if you cannot do it."

Gudrid looked at my father for a moment, and then she answered, though her lips scarce moved—"As Eric wished—be it so."

That night our father told us that the burial-ale for Eric had been the most sumptuous he had ever attended, and that many and great things had been told of the man, and that none had spoken with as much feeling as Leif and Thorstein, and that no widow had grieved more than Lea, saying that she had failed in her marriage vows, and that such a husband as Eric, no woman had ever wedded. It had been necessary for Leif to force her to take food to sustain her in her sorrow.

But in one thing Leif did not yield to what all knew would have been Eric's wish. For he would not have Eric the Red mound-buried in the pagan way, but safe in the yard about the church which Leif's mother had caused to be built at Brattahlid, with a great cross made from a Vineland tree set above him, and the priest whom Eric had hated must say many masses for his soul.

The priest had not objected to burying the pagan thus, for Leif had brought him to Greenland and Leif was now the master at Brattahlid. Moreover the priest felt that Leif would spend much gold now for the church's new pasture. He had dreams, even, of building a cathedral, and had his eyes on the land where Freydis and her husband dwelt.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> The Cathedral of Gardar was later built at this place.

But Thorstein had seen to it that Eric's sword was buried with him, and he it was who had laced the hel shoes to the old man's feet, which Leif pretended not to notice. Somewhere the pagan's soul was faring, but whether it be toward Heaven or Valhalla I could not say.

I asked Gudrid, and she said that with such a one as Eric, she thought wherever he went a seat of honor was surely waiting for him.

That day Siegfred, who unknown to my father tended toward the old ways, caught a hare and sacrificed it on a little hill to Thor, in hopes that it would help Eric somewhat on the journey. Then I wept, for I, too, wanted to aid one, toward whom above all others I had reason to be grateful, since he had kept my secret well. Siegfred laughed and said there was naught I could do, that such matters were men's business. But Harald brought me an armful of poppies the color of the sun, and told me to cast them into the fjord, that there were those gods, he had heard, who delighted in such offerings. And when I did that, with Harald standing gravely at my side, I was comforted. He put his hand in mine then, and we two went back to Stoakkaness. It was good, I thought, that now I had two brothers.

## VIII

Now I come to a difficult part in my tale, a part that seems the most unreal of all things I remember. When I try to recall these days it is as though they were wrapped in a summer fog, or in clouds that encircle the mountains. Only here and there something appears distinctly for a moment, as though the fog lifted a little, or the clouds rolled back.

This seems the more strange, in that all the details of the days spent at Brattahlid the last winter that Eric lived seem so vivid. Perchance the reason that these other happenings are not so, but are shadowed, is because of the great illness which befell me soon after Gudrid was married. Gudrid told me afterward that for months it was not known whether I would recover, and that it was a matter of years before I really seemed myself again. "And then," ended



my sister a little wistfully, "you were a child no longer!"

But such things as I do recall I shall put down. And at the head of the list stands the wedding at Brattahlid. This alone is vivid in my mind because it took place just before my illness.

It was held in the autumn, as most weddings in Greenland are. And because it was known that many from the Western Settlement would attend, it was earlier than usual so that no unexpected storm might delay the travelers. For it was a journey of six days by boat from that place, with six men at the oars.

This was to be a Christian wedding, and not one where the goddess Var heard the vows, and the sign of the hammer of Thor is made over the bride. But before the white god in the church at Brattahlid were Gudrid and Thorstein Ericksson wed, for Thorstein at Gudrid's behest had become a Christian. And therefore the sign of the cross was theirs.

I helped dress Gudrid for her wedding. And in her gown of yellow brocade with tiny sprigs of blue blossoms scattered upon it, a cloth which had come, Gudrid said, from an eastern land to our mother in the days when the cross had been given her, Gudrid seemed to me clothed like the flowering spring. When her long golden hair was spread loosely about her, I told her that she was like a golden poppy. But I did not tell her that she was very pale, and that her face seemed more like winter snow than a flowering. Then I remembered that I had seen flowers blossom beside the banks of snow.

The women fastened the wide linen head-dress with golden pins to her hair, and Leif's mother set there the golden circlet which was her own. Instead of our mother's mantle, Thorstein had asked that she wear the one he had given her, of deep green velvet, both the cloak and the hood, and lined with fur of the white hares he had snared for it, and bordered with this down the front.

In a great procession the wedding guests came to Brattahlid, to the sounding of the horn and with shouting and singing.

Thorstein himself wore reddish-brown,

which was the color of his own brown hair and beard, both his robe and his coat were of this color. And both were of velvet which comes from the eastern land.

His belt was carved walrus tusk, one which had been Eric's, but Gudrid wore the golden gilt one of our mother's, and rings on her fingers and wrists, as well as a gold chain about her neck. The cross, as was usual now, she wore hidden beneath her gown.

When Thorstein heard the guests coming, he went forth to meet them clad in his long wedding robe. After they reached the hall, Thorstein re-entered and led Gudrid forth in her new cloak, which seemed more beautiful in the sunlight than it had inside the hall. He swung her upon his horse as lightly as though she were but a gull's feather, and he mounted behind her. Our father mounted a horse by Thorstein's side, and with these leading, the procession rode to the turf and stone church which Leif's mother had caused to be built near Brattahlid.

The horses were tethered beside the stone wall about the consecrated ground, and as Gudrid on my father's arm was about to enter the church I saw that she hesitated. Then I noted that the shadow from the cross above Eric's grave slanted across her path. She hesitated but a moment, however. Then she pressed her foot firmly upon the shadow and went with Thorstein and my father into the church. As many of us as could crowded in after her, and those who could not come in gathered in the churchyard outside. And these, I heard later, said that she should have been married not inside the church, but outside the door.

That would have been warmer, for there was no fire in the church and I shivered as I gazed about me. The windows in the roof had panes of glass brought from Norway, and a picture of a saint was behind the altar, and vessels from Norway which glittered in the dim light of the candles. There was a fragrance in the air which was not of flowers, and the priest stood tall and majestic in his long gown and cope; but still not as tall as Thorstein.

White skins of bears had been strewn in front of the altar and on these Gudrid and Thorstein knelt as mass was said. Two are married for a long time, but the moments





are few for the church's ceremony;<sup>8</sup> and it seemed but a moment before the ceremony was over, and we were following Gudrid and Thorstein outside once more. Now there was no cross-shadow in Gudrid's path, for the clouds had covered the sun, so that all was shadowed about us. Only in the distance the mountain peaks gleamed.

Thorstein looked at the light in the dis-

tance, and then at Gudrid's face, as though in his sight the two were of equal brightness. Gudrid returned his look with understanding and without fear, and as he swung her to the horse, she pressed his hand gently. Only the sorrow-mist, I realized, was still upon her face.

Would it never leave? I wondered dully, as we retraced the way to Brattahlid. There the hall had been made ready and the strains of a fiddle greeted the entrance of Thorstein

<sup>8</sup> Of that period.

and Gudrid. The fiddle was played by a man from Ireland who had come hither in a trading boat, and who had been urged to remain for the bridal-ale. A Greenland storyteller was there also to recite tales for our pleasure. The bridal benches had been placed, extra tables set up, and the feast was ready and waiting.

The torches standing on the board burned brightly, the long fire was leaping. And there was plenty of ale and wine, for the ships which had come to Greenland that summer had arrived well loaded.

They left well loaded also, both with the things Leif had brought from Vineland, and with sealskins, ropes of walrus hide, and walrus tusks from Greenland, together with cloth which the women had woven.

Then I saw Leif for the first time. He was dressed more like a bridegroom than Thorstein, for he wore a long robe of crimson and his belt was fastened with gold. But his face had no joy on it, though he kept his thoughts well under control, and drank but little from the horn.

Thorstein sat in the high seat opposite him, but Gudrid was seated between the women on the bridal benches which had been brought in from storage. And Thorstein brought her there the linen fee<sup>9</sup> which was a length of blue velvet the color of Gudrid's eyes—and the color, too, of our mother's mantle. Everyone exclaimed at its beauty and richness, and said that never before had such a linen fee been given.

But Thorstein replied that never before had there been such a bride to receive it. And all agreed with that saying. And the guests spoke with each other telling how the mund<sup>10</sup> which Thorstein had given for Gudrid was neither land nor cattle, but silver and gold which would have bought much of either. And this, they knew, was because Gudrid and Thorstein were to live at Stoakkaness with our father, who was aged and not well. For so had it been agreed upon at the time of the betrothal.

The women chattered of Gudrid's dower chests, which were large and well filled. And all in the hall thought that the joining of the two families was an excellent thing.

<sup>9</sup> Bridal gift.

<sup>10</sup> The mund was the property or money which the suitor always gave. After the marriage it became the property of the bride.

Gudrid listened and spoke pleasantly to all about her, and gave no sign that it was difficult for her to stay in that hall with Leif sitting in the high seat where Eric had been.

Thorstein was loved by all men in Greenland, for they had marked that he was much like Eric. Now they rejoiced in his good fortune. Though there were curious glances cast at Leif, for many had heard that he it was who would wed my sister, and were not convinced that his name had been mixed in the ale-horns. Leif was honored in his father's place, but he did not have the great affection which had been given his father. And no one ever referred to him now as Leif the Lucky. Though, strangely enough, when Vineland was mentioned, it was still spoken of as Vineland the Good.

Finally came the time for the putting of the bride to bed. The bridal bed itself had been set up in the loom house, and the looms had been taken away. The walls were hung with furs and with some pieces of tapestry, come from Norway. In one corner a fire was burning. The great bed of goose feathers and eider-down was piled on the bed which had been set in place there, with its carved posts reaching nearly to the rafters. Over the posts fine cloth had been stretched, like a tent covering on a boat. The bed was heaped with furs and woven coverlets.

I went with the women when they led Gudrid there, and took off her bridal finery. They put a new shift upon her, and removed the linen coif from her head, but the golden circlet was left on her brow for Thorstein to remove. Her unbound hair spread in waves about her, and I was sorry that on the morrow it would be bound in a knot and hidden from sight under the linen coif which wives wear.

I left then with the other women, and Siegfred came with the men bringing Thorstein to the weaving house, to help him off with his spurs and boots.

When I came again into the hall I found Leif there, for he had not gone, as was his duty, to the bridal chamber, but was giving much attention to the leg that he had broken, saying that he had but just slipped on a flagstone, and sprained the ankle, so that it pained him greatly.

I heard the men re-entering the hall, and knew that they were speaking about Leif's

injury, and I remember not much further, for my head was throbbing, and I felt that the heat of the hall was almost unbearable. That was the fever burning within me.

Then someone spoke asking why Freydis was not at the wedding, and it brought all the horrible scenes back to me, the scene at the cow-byre, and the evil tale she had told Eric in that very hall. And I knew that had it not been for my sin in yielding to the sweet words of The Hawk, that it would have been a different wedding with a different bridegroom, and one whom men would still have called the Lucky. And Eric, himself, would have been sitting in the high seat and not the man in crimson, sitting there now with his face twisted in pain—but not, I knew, from a sprained ankle.

It seemed a terrible burden that I must carry unspeaking, to know that through my weakness had the whole life of my sister been changed, and that now she was lying in the bridal bed with one whom she kissed kindly but not in the fashion I had seen her kiss Leif.

"Are you not well, Sigrid?" came the question from my brother. And I saw that both Siegfred and Harald were standing on either side. I gave a little cry, saw their arms stretch out toward me. And I remember no more.

The walls of Stoakkaness were about me when next I saw Gudrid, in her linen coif, moving quietly about. The keys of Stoakkaness were suspended at her girdle in the manner of wives. I called and she came toward me, and the darkness closed once more about me.

Again and again I woke for a little. Siegfred or Harald would usually be sitting beside me. And sometimes Gudrid would be forcing a spoonful of broth between my lips.

For weeks and months I lay as it was in a dream. Thorstein came and went, and his voice was gentle when he called me "Little sister." My father, too, was often beside me, and I realized that he was greatly worried.

Winter passed by, seedtime and hay harvest glided together, and winter closed again upon us. By the second spring following

Gudrid's wedding I ceased to find the darkness enfolding me. And by the third winter I was more myself, and wanted to busy my hands. Though ever and again my thoughts lost themselves in a mist, and I did not remember aught for long.

At first Gudrid would let me spin but a little, but as she saw that it soothed me, she let me do more. But it was some time before she would yield to my urging to weave at the loom.

I remember being amazed one day to discover how tall Siegfred and Harald had grown. And I wanted them both at my side after that when they were not busied about the farm. It was Harald who always noticed when I was tiring, and who would call Gudrid to urge me to bed.

And when I needed someone to pick up my wool, or to bring from the hearth my card of teasel heads for combing the wool, Harald would spring with delight to serve me, while Siegfred was somewhat slower, or would wait for Harald to move. Could it be, I thought, that of my two brothers, Harald was the more willing?

On the third spring Harald brought me some of the first flowers, and I was alone outside the house when he brought them.

"Sigrid," he cried, "you look like your old self." And bending toward my lips he kissed me. It was a swift kiss, like the touch of a warm breeze from the south, like the brushing of a leaf from the birches. But after that day I stopped calling him brother.

Then I remember a morning which stands out clearly, the morning when Leif came riding to Stoakkaness with two men who had sailed with Thorvald to Vineland.

"It is bad news," said Leif briefly to Gudrid. For now he never spoke much with her and seemed to avoid her.

Gudrid's eyes were cool and quiet. She treated Leif as any other.

"I will call Thorstein," she said, and raised the conch-shell to her lips.

Thorstein came, as he always did, running at the call. And to him Leif told his news.

The boat on which Thorvald had gone to Vineland had returned. But Thorvald had not returned. He lay, slain, and under a cross in the Western Land.

Thorstein paled, but he looked much like Eric the Red as he turned to the men with

Leif who had come back to Greenland on the ship, and they quailed before his look. "Wherefore did you not bring his body back to Greenland that it might be buried in a Christian manner?"

And one of them answered, "Thorvald asked that he be buried where he fell, and we but carried out his instructions."

"What else did he say?" questioned Thorstein.

"He asked that a cross be carved, like the one he lined in the sand, and be placed at his head. And that the place where he was buried be known ever after as Crossness."

"Can you picture the cross in the sand here?" asked Thorstein, "And show how it was carved?"

The man nodded, bent over, and with a stick traced outlines on the Greenland soil.

Thorstein nodded. "I thought it was thus," he said, and placed his arm around Gudrid. And Gudrid sobbed. For the cross pictured on the earth before us was like in all ways to the cross of our mother's, which Gudrid now wore hidden beneath her dress, and which Thorstein—and Leif, too—knew well.

Leif and the men from Thorvald's ship stayed that night at Stoakkaness, and Leif and his brother walked back and forth under the stars in sadness.

When Thorstein came in, he said to Gudrid, "Never shall I know peace until Thorvald, my brother, is brought back to Greenland and buried in the churchyard here, beside Eric the Red. And the cross above him should be brought back also."

Gudrid looked up from the food she was stirring in a pot, and said, "What are your wishes, my husband? Speak freely, for you have never asked much of me heretofore."

And Thorstein answered, "I would take the same boat and set forth at once in search of the body, even though it is late in the summer for venturing."

Gudrid said quietly, "It is well. And I shall go with you. For Sigrid is stronger all the time, and can take charge of Stoakkaness. She has Siegfred and Harald to aid her. And my father is firmer than of old."

Suddenly I felt like a small child and wanted to cry out, "Nay, nay, Gudrid, do

not leave me. Once you said that where you went, most likely Siegfred and I would be."

Then I looked at my father who had just entered with Leif. He was stooped and white, with the runes of great sadness showing on his face. And suddenly I knew that I was grown and a child no longer. With my wilful selfishness I had already changed Gudrid's life greatly. Here was a time I would not change it.

"Yes," I said calmly, though it cost me great effort, "You and Thorstein must go to Vineland the Good."

"Yes," said Leif—"you must go to Vineland the Good." And he added as he turned his face away, "with Thorstein."

So the boat was made ready to sail back on its path once more. And the strongest of the men who had been in Vineland with Thorvald, made ready to return with Thorstein and show him the place where his brother was buried, the place called Crossness.

When the horses were at the door on the day for Gudrid to leave, I took her embrace calmly and looked with a smile in her eyes. But I tried not to think of what was happening, and suddenly Eric's words came into my mind like a white falcon flying, "The path you have taken is of your own making, and only you will find the ending."

But what I wondered of the path I had fashioned for others?

And when Gudrid drew my father to her, and laid his white head on the shoulder of the blue mantle of our mother's I nearly cried out. For the thin veined hand on the mantle, rose and rested on my sister's head. I knew that our father never expected to see Gudrid again.

She rode away then, and never once did she look back. But Thorstein turned his head and raised his hand three times in farewell. Leif rode with them to the sea. I know it was a lonely journey for him back to the hall at Brattahlid. And I doubt not but that he hated the high seat in the hall of Eric the Red that first night, the more so that once his love of it had cost him much.

None of us dreamed how many things would be changed before we saw Gudrid again.

(To be continued)

# Letter Written by James Rix, A Revolutionary Soldier, to His Wife

from Half Moon Camp, New York

*This letter was copied from the original, which is in the possession of Mrs. Frank Spaulding of Lancaster. It forms the continuation of our series on old correspondence.*

Half Moon

September 3, 1777

Dear Wife having an opportunity to write a few lines to you I embrace it with grate Pleasure.

I would informe you that I am well considering the hard Fatigue that we have had for about Six weeks Past. we have been on the march the Chiefs of the time Since we left Albany which was July 20. We marcht to Fort Dayton in the Germanflats Stayed their a few Days and then marcht to Fort Stanwix which is 112 miles from Albany. we got their just as the Enemy Did. their was but 670 men in the fort and their was not les than 600 Regelars 300 Tories and 600 or 700 Indians of the Enemy Round the Fort. the Siege was held 20 Days and 20 nights Successfully and then the Enemy Retreated in grate confusion. Left a grate Considerable of Provisions on the Grounds also 4 brass Mortars of 5 Inches Diameter, 2 Brass Field Pieces: 4 Pounders each a Quantaty of Shells and Balls. Clothing (and a dozen or 20 scalps) and Spades and Pickaxes.

However in the time of the Seizure the Malatia 600 in Number under the Command of Brigadeer General Harkaman of the Malatia went to Come to the releafe of the Fort but was defeated by about 1000 or more Indians and tories. the Enemy killed not a few, took some: our troops at the Same time Sallied out of the fort upon the enemies 3 Division and Drove them out of

their encampment Killed 40 Indians and tories and took about 2000 dollars worth of cash and clothing then we Returned Back to the fort in Good Order. their was about 8 men Killed in the fort and about 12 wounded which seems Remarkable.

their was none belonging to Haverhill was hurt. they are all well even to a man. I have sent three Letters to you Before this and have Never Receved any from you, we have drawn the half of our clothing. our wages we Expect to draw in about 10 Days and then some of the Haverhill men Either officer or soldier will Come Home I shall send by him if I Do not Come myselfe. I want to hear from you very much. I arived hear yesterday from Fort Stanwix our Regiment expects now to join the Main army which will be Much Better for us than to be the Flying Camp. I heard that Ricker is hear But I have not Seen him yet nor any of Col. Francis Regament.

I am almost beat out with hardship for I never had so Hard a Capaign Before and I hope I Shall Do the Most Good that ever I Did in one before. I Desir to thank God for all his Mercys and favours toward us. ever trusting in him more than all the world of men and Riches and Friends tho I Desir to be Remembered to all enquiring Friends and pray God to Proteck you under his wing.

N. B.

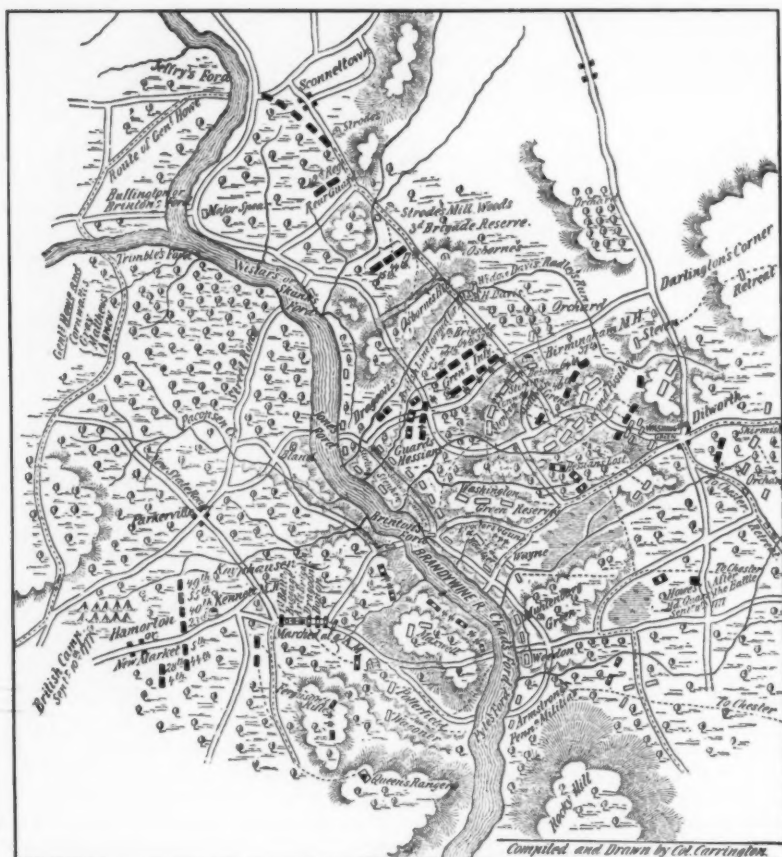
I write in a Grate Hurry

James Rix

Half Moon

Sept 3. 1777





BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE

— British  
- - - American

## And All By a Fleet Little Mare

September 11, 1777

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ

*This is the third article in the series by Mrs. Coblentz in which she interprets episodes in American history through "Animal Pioneers"*

**T**HOMAS CHEYNEY'S little colt learned two things in the first years of her life. She learned that the grass over the fence was always sweeter, and she discovered how to get over the fence.

No one knew how she first mastered the trick, but everyone soon realized that no fence could keep that small colt from going

exactly where she chose at whatever hour of the day she chose to go.

And so it was that young Thomas Cheyney broke her to the saddle with a light in his eyes. For young Thomas, too, loved to sail over fences, and here was a horse after his own heart.

She didn't like the bridle rein at first,



nor the saddle, and of course when Thomas started to ride her, she made straight for the fence. But instead of being scolded she was petted and praised for every clean jump she made, and given a nice juicy bite from a red apple as a reward, or something deliciously sweet which was called maple sugar.

So it wasn't hard at all to teach the little mare to carry a rider who liked to take whatever fences lay in the way, and soon there was not a fence or a hedge in the neighborhood which the horse had not dared. It mattered not in the least to her whether those Pennsylvania fences were made of rails, of piled slate, of brushwood, or of sprawling up-ended stumps. Thomas Cheyney hummed gaily as he rode, nonsense rhymes for the most part, or scraps of songs, and the little mare would switch her tail and show the world two clean pair of heels as she went gaily over every obstacle.

At first Thomas Cheyney was as gay as the mare. But then things changed. Thomas Cheyney hummed no longer, but went quietly, almost stealthily about the countryside, his eyes darting hither and yon over the familiar landscape. The little mare sensed that Thomas Cheyney was afraid, but she did not know why. Her master could have told her it was because he was fearful that his lovely Pennsylvania would soon know the horrors of war. For rumor had it that the British were sailing up the Chesapeake, and that they hoped to soon march on Philadelphia, the Colonies' capital. Eighteen thousand men were with Howe, it was said, and against that number, Cheyney knew were Washington's eleven thousand, poorly trained and woefully lacking in equipment. But sometimes alertness served in place of numbers. And Thomas Cheyney, for one, was alert.

He put together like a picture puzzle such scraps of information as came to his ears, and soon he knew that George Washington was determined to halt that British army if possible on the banks of the Brandywine.

"He has chosen a strong position," Cheyney said to the little horse, as hidden behind some bushes he watched the Americans moving into the woods on the bank of that creek, just beyond Chadd's Ford. Chadd's Ford, according to the word of

the American Scouts, lay directly in the path of the invaders. Just below the ford the creek became a roaring torrent with high cliffs on either hand, so that nature herself would protect the Americans there.

Thomas Cheyney hoped that George Washington knew the weak spot in his position. For the Britishers did not *have* to cross at Chadd's Ford. They might make a wide detour by marching up the Lancaster Road and crossing at Jeffrey's Ford, and if they had learned the Americans' position they could fall upon the Continental Army in its unprotected rear. To be sure it was a long circuitous route, and the British were not fond of marching out of their way. Nevertheless young Cheyney's mind kept dwelling on the possibility. And every morning, taking the little mare out early, he circled over the countryside, watching, watching. The little mare seemed to catch the spirit of those rides and went quietly, avoiding even the clicking stones.

Hidden behind a bunch of willows on the morning of September 11th, young Cheyney beheld the flash of red uniforms beyond Chadd's Ford. The British were coming then, where Washington expected them. The rider patted his horse with relief. Then his hand paused. What if it were all a ruse? What if this were only a part of the eighteen thousand; just enough to hold Washington's attention, while the others made that longer march? Thomas Cheyney must know. He wheeled the little mare about and departed in the direction of Jeffrey's Ford, riding hard. He loved his country. If he and the little mare could serve it, he would be glad.

"What if the British are there?" he asked the little mare. She switched her tail and said nothing. Clearly if they were there, it was a matter for her master to handle. She had infinite faith in him. As for herself, she would obey the bridle rein. One could depend upon it.

Along the dusty road she hurried, up hills and down valleys, out of the woods and in, past Birmingham Church, on and on until there was a certain curve from which Jeffrey's Ford could be sighted.

She swung upon that curve at a gallop, only to find her head suddenly and sharply jerked. Head up, she stood as a statue while her master took one look—the last

of thousands of red-coated soldiers were emerging from the ford! There was a long space of road already filled with marching and mounted men—almost all of the eighteen thousand were here, it seemed!

But Thomas Cheyney himself had been seen, and a dozen horsemen were after him. It would not do for the Britishers to have their ruse discovered now, when they were about to capture what they hoped would be the whole American army under Washington himself. And this brown-coated American had seen that which above all else General Howe must keep secret.

Up the road thundered those Britishers on horses chosen for their fleetness, on horses which had not already galloped at top speed through the dawn, but had been driven slowly, their strength conserved for the coming battle. At the rate they were speeding, they would soon overtake the little American mare.

But the mare felt that longed-for turn of the bridle rein, and as some bullets whizzed by her head, she lifted her heels over the hedge and went like a streak across the timothy meadow. Tired—not a bit of it now. The shouts of her pursuers, the singing of the bullets had acted like a tonic.

And leaning low on her neck was her master, urging, urging; almost lifting her over the next fence by his own desire, turning her deftly, now to the right, now to the left, and always where great fences loomed like strange obstacles to the British horses following; horses whose riders did not know the cross-country over which they were now compelled to chase a fleet little mare and her rider.

One after another the British horses refused the fences, or were caught as they attempted to sweep over. These were not hunters—these were horses trained for other things than great sprawling piles of stumps, or high piled rails. And their riders' shots too went wild, as the horses stepped in unexpected holes, or limped from sudden laming.

"Over," urged Thomas Cheyney again and again to the little mare. And "Over" she went, "Over" and "Over Again." Until at last the shouting ceased and no longer did the bullets sing through the air.

Thomas Cheyney glanced back. The last

pursuer was picking himself up, was looking at a dangling shoe on his horse's foot. Then Thomas Cheyney laughed, and for the first time in months the mare heard him humming a nonsense rhyme:

"For want of a nail a shoe was lost,  
For want of a shoe a horse was lost,  
For want of a horse a rider was lost,  
For want of a rider a battle was lost,  
For want of a battle an army was lost,  
For want of an army a kingdom was lost,  
And all for the want of a two-penny nail."

"Now, go," he urged the mare. "Go as you've never gone before. There is an army ahead which *must not be lost*—not if we can help it."

The mare should have been tired. But she wasn't. Something about the urging in the man's tone, perhaps, or else the memory of those shouts behind her, those singing bullets, kept her from being tired. She felt as though she had only started that morning. She could run for miles like this. And she did. Out of the woods, through tangles of blackberry bushes, a mass of wild roses, over the last fence and on to the road again, dashing like the wind back to Chadd's Ford, where an American army waited the British army in front of them.

From her master's heart beats, from his whispered words, she knew that the errand was very, very important. "They'll take the whole army if we don't get there," whispered Thomas Cheyney now and then, and he groaned. "*The whole army*. We must tell George Washington."

On the road far behind the British soldiers were marching as quickly as possible, for their leaders knew that the man who had been sitting on horseback had seen much, and that he had outdistanced his pursuers. Of course, he was probably only a stray farmer, but he might take it into his head to report what he had seen. One never could tell what these American farmers might do.

And the Britishers were right. Arrived at the American position a young Pennsylvania farmer stood straight and tall beside a spent horse and demanded to see Washington himself. He would tell his tale to no one else. "Impossible," said the orderlies curtly, turning him aside. But Thomas Cheyney, farmer, was not to be denied.

"Washington himself *must* know what I have *seen*," he said. The word *seen* did it, *that*, and the flash of fire from the youngster's eyes. So almost as he despaired, George Washington was standing in front of him.

"The greater part of the British are on *this* side of the Brandywine," declared Thomas Cheyney. "They crossed at Jeffrey's Ford, the whole body of them. I saw them."

Washington looked at him incredulously. "Impossible," he said. "I have just had word they are coming straight toward Chadd's Ford, as we expected. You must have been mistaken. Perhaps you saw a few, a dozen or more, but not the main body."

"Look," said Cheyney pointing to his horse, spent and drooping now, covered with mud and torn and bloody from thorn and briar. "Do you think I would have ridden a horse so to tell you the news unless I was very certain?"

"See—it is this way," and he drew a rough map on the sand and showed on it the length of road covered by the Britishers, as he had glimpsed it that morning. "My life for it, but you are mistaken, General," he pleaded. "It is so," and he pointed to the map he had drawn on the ground. "Put me under guard until you find my story true. The whole army must be but a matter of five miles away now, coming in on your rear. Retreat, sire, before it is too late."

The little mare lifted her head and watched the General. His eyes were troubled as he stared into the brown eyes of the horse. Washington loved horses. He knew what Cheyney meant when he said that only great need would have caused him to ride the little mare so, only a man intent on saving his country could have done it.

It was a bitter moment for Washington. The day was lost for the American Army—Philadelphia, probably, would fall. Well, what of it? *If* the army were saved that was important. *Clearly he must retreat before the trap was sprung.* There would

be other days and other chances *if* the army were saved.

The General of the Continental Armies laid one hand briefly on the little mare's neck, his other clasped that of Thomas Cheyney. "Thank you," he said.

And Thomas Cheyney, with a welling heart, and wet eyes, turned away, leading the little mare. But her service was not yet done. The pair of them must get out of that neighborhood and at once, for if the Britishers saw and recognized the horse and the rider it would fare hardly with them.

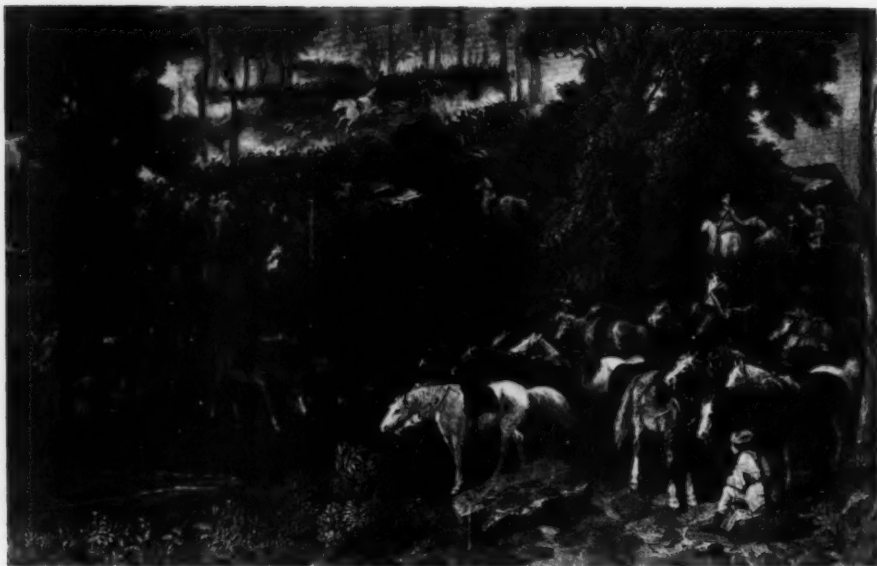
So all day long Thomas Cheyney and the horse moved away, sometimes the man rode, sometimes he led the mare—fleet no longer, but still valiant, still ready to serve.

They found refuge with some of the young man's relatives at a safe distance off, and for more than three months Cheyney did not dare return to his home. It was still longer before he went there, except briefly, and always the little mare waited outside under a tree, saddled and bridled ready for him to mount at any time. And this was so as long as the Britishers were in the neighborhood.

Both man and horse had played an important part in saving the army "to fight another day." If they had not brought them the message the story of the Revolution might have had a different ending. And this all because a little colt had learned to jump fences. Thomas Cheyney made his own nonsense song about it. It went like this:

"Because of a fence a horse was saved,  
Because of a horse a battle was saved,  
Because of a battle an army was saved,  
Because of an army our country was saved,  
And all by a fleet little mare."

NOTE: The writer is indebted for the material of this story to the family records of Mrs. Clara E. Wilson, the records themselves being taken from "History of Wayne County, Ohio," by Ben Douglas, containing a sketch of Thomas Cheyney's son; from J. T. Headley's *Life of Washington* (p. 250); Charles J. Peteron's "The Military Heroes of the Revolution" (p. 349-350—pub. Philadelphia, 1849).



BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN

## As Death Passed By

The Story of a Shot That Was Never Fired

ELIZABETH C. FRIES

AFTER scouting noiselessly through the woods for indications of movements of the American Army, the Scotch born Britisher, General Patrick Ferguson, sat down wearily on a log near an open glade. The day had been trying, for the troops under Washington had been cutting off the wagon trains that supplied the English Army on its hard march from Chesapeake Bay.

"Such dolts to be pestering us!" Ferguson exclaimed to one of his riflemen, who crept near him. "To think that their petty obstacles in the Delaware River would force General Howe to march overland like this instead of sailing up to Philadelphia! Such annoyance from the numbskulls! But we'll finish them this trip. With my eight hundred men, equipped with our seven-shot rifles, we're worth seven regiments."

"Yes, General, you were more than genius to invent that gun. But tell me, is it true that you can aim your pistol at a robin on the fence, throw the gun in the air, catch it, and shoot off the robin's head?"

"Aye, mon, tis a gift O'God. England needs that kind now. But these colonists! These bumpkins, that make us bite the dust of that road! Just wait till I get a turn at them! Sh-h, sh-h-h."

Little cracking noises came nearer. Horses were taking their lazy way along the nearby trail, and before the astonished gaze of these British scouts three officers in American uniform rode into the opening. They appeared to be casually examining the lay of the land. As one of them rode forward, and scanned the surrounding woods, Ferguson's rifle leaped to its accustomed place almost of itself, and pointed at the enemy. This was a staff officer in buff and blue uniform with the epaulets of high rank.

Just at that moment, however, he wheeled, presenting his broad back as a target to the finest shot in the British army. The advantage filled Ferguson with horror, and he hesitated. "Can I deliberately kill a defenseless man?" he said to himself. "No.

No. Poor devil. That isn't part of my code. He is doing his duty and I can't make him pay for it with his life when his back is turned."

His gun settled back to his side, and Death passed by, though so closely that Ferguson felt its cold breath on his shoulder. He shuddered in spite of himself; his hair seemed to rise and his flesh crept. Then, as he grew calmer, he sat pondering over what had happened for some moments before he rose and stalked off. The next day he learned that the man he had spared was—George Washington.

Later that week when his troops faced Washington at Brandywine,\* Ferguson fought with desperation even after he was wounded. Was he trying to make up for his weakness in sparing Washington's life? Perhaps he was, even though he said himself, "I let him alone, disgusted with the idea of firing at an unoffending individual, who was acquitting himself very coolly of his duty."

The British sent this Scotch Highlander to conquer those troublesome mountaineers in the Carolinas who would sweep over the mountains and burn or capture the supplies gathered for their own armies, or cut up their detachments or even give battle to small forces. Ferguson had great confidence in his own men and equal contempt for the pioneers, as shown in the letter he sent to them before his intended attack. . . . "I'm not afraid of your Over-Mountain men. I've lived in the mountains all my life. I'm coming over the mountains and hang you to your highest trees."

These Over-Mountain men did not wait for him. When Ferguson found they were coming, he chose for his battle ground, King's Mountain. This is the end peak of a small peninsula of mountains jutting out into a wide plain. Ferguson's idea, of course, was that these crude mountaineers would come up in front of his impregnable position and be mowed down by his rapid fire guns. That is, if they should ever get through the passes, which he doubted. The truth was, his position on King's Mountain

was mostly a lookout, for he had sent strong detachments to all the passes, and he believed each of his men would act as a Leonidas.

But he reckoned without any knowledge of the Over-Mountain men, who were led by Sevier and his neighbors. These men owed their very existence, and their ability to protect their homes and rear their families, to the fact that they were able to outwit the wily Indians. These hard-riding heads of households had been preparing to dash out and meet Ferguson. No slow-moving provision trains heralded their approach. Each tough mountain-climbing horse carried the equipment and the sugar and cornmeal ration of its rider. Nor did they come over the guarded passes. They forced mounts down the precipitous sides, then they gathered silently behind their enemy on the same mountain, ready for a smashing assault. Biding their time until Ferguson had settled his force in its camp, they swooped down, wiping out his entire command, killing the Commander-in-Chief.

With the passing of Ferguson at King's Mountain the British hope for success was lost. No other forces were sent against the Americans in the Carolinas or Georgia. They were free to move near the coast and assist in penning up the British in the final drive that ended the war.

Did Washington ever know of the Divine Plan that saved him? We can only conjecture. He may never have heard of his deliverance. Ferguson undoubtedly told his fellow officers and we know he wrote home to his sister about it, saying, "If I had known, my duty would have been very clear before me, but somehow I'm glad that I did not know." But such a story was not likely to reach the Commander of the American forces. The Highlanders who heard of it, however, were convinced that God had struck Ferguson blind, or else that the same fairies who peopled their own mountains had protected Washington with fiery chariots.

It is a strange coincidence that Ferguson is the one British officer to whom America has ever raised a monument. Ferguson, the beloved enemy, whose bad judgment at King's Mountain, made Yorktown possible, but whose true sportsmanship saved Washington for us and for the ages.

\* It will be seen that this episode and the one described by Mrs. Coblenz in her story are contemporaneous.



# GENEALOGICAL DEPARTMENT



LUE REYNOLDS SPENCER

*Genealogical Editor and Reference Consultant*

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## Genealogical Extension Service

**S**ATISFACTORY progress is being made on the reports on orders filed in this department. These reports are made in rotation and all now on file will be reached by October 15 at the present rate. It should be borne in mind that data sufficient for a working basis must accompany the order. The fact that the client "Knows all about the family" up to the information desired is no help in our research. We must check the lineage already known in order to proceed. The location of the family is essential.

Our request for opinions as to the most desired articles in this department has met with the suggestion that less space be given to pension records and more be given to references that serve as clues for future research. Acting upon that advice we call attention to the 17th Report of the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution of 1915 to the Smithsonian Institution. This is a government document now out of print but is to be found in many libraries. It contains Pierce's Register, the Register of Certificates issued by John Pierce, Esq., Paymaster General and Commissioner of Army Accounts for the United States to officers and soldiers of the Continental Army under the Act of July 4, 1783.

This document was discovered by the late Mrs. Amos G. Draper, former Registrar General of the Society, and one whose outstanding genealogical work places her name high on our Honor Roll. It was largely through her efforts that this list was made available to the public.

This is an alphabetical list of over 93,000 certificates showing the indebtedness of the government to each officer and soldier who remained unpaid at the end of the War. Only the number of the certificate, to whom issued, and the amount is given. The rank, regiment, or state are not included. These records are accepted as proof of service in our Society.

One of the requirements in the Articles of Incorporation of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution by the United States government February 20, 1896 is that a report to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution be submitted annually by our Society. This report contains accounts of the activities of our Society that are of national interest and importance. These reports are printed as Senate documents and are available through our business office and at the Government Printing Office. These are of value to every one interested in family records of the Revolutionary War period. For example on page 79 of this 17th Report which contains Pierce's Register is printed the roll of recruits raised by Capt. Elijah Blackman for Col. Sherburn's Regiment in the Continental Army for three years and during the War. This list gives the names of eighty-six men, their age, town, and county of Connecticut from which they served. So through the years these reports reflect the splendid activities of members who early recognized the necessity of preserving these early records as one of the, if not *the*, outstanding principles for which



our Society was organized and which continues to this day as a vital part of our work.

The Publications of the Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania are filled with splendid data which are of genealogical interest.

Vol. 6 (1915) contains Bible records, tombstone inscriptions, cemetery records, abstracts of wills and administrations of Westmoreland Co., Pennsylvania (as registered Greensburg); abstracts of wills of Washington Co., Pennsylvania. These are samples of this Pennsylvania Society's valuable contributions to history and genealogy which is for the avowed purpose "To continue the work of rescuing from oblivion such records, now constantly subject to risk of loss by fire and the tooth of time." All honor to this and similar organizations "Generations yet unborn will rise up to call ye blessed."

Early issues of the Daughters of the American Revolution Magazine contain much valuable genealogical material. These Magazines should be found in every public library where there are Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Vol. 64 contains the marriages of Campbell County, Virginia.

Vol. 65 marriage bonds of Cumberland County, Virginia.

Vol. 67 Wills of Adams Co., Mississippi. (Natchez 1798-1800-1802), Marriage bonds of Monongalia County, Virginia now West Virginia.

All these suggestions emphasize the value of our Magazine from a genealogical standpoint and should be preserved through the years for reference.

Just how far-reaching the Genealogical Extension Service has become is demonstrated by the receipt of a letter from Pretoria, South Africa, in which it was stated that a newspaper clipping explaining this activity of our Society had been received. Not knowing our address a letter was sent to the Christian Science Monitor and in that way finally reached us. It was written June 11 and reached us July 18. It included International Postage Coupons from the Union of South Africa which are ex-

changeable in our country for our postage stamps.

Information regarding the Huguenot family of Marais was requested. Who will help us respond to this request that has put the Union of South Africa on their geographic-genealogical map?

## Queries and Answers

I—'38

Queries must be submitted in duplicate, typed or written double spaced on separate slips of paper and limited to sixty words. Name and address of sender will be published unless otherwise requested. Unsigned queries desire no correspondence so letters cannot be forwarded by this department. Queries received since June 1, 1938 will be acknowledged and published as soon as possible if above rules are observed. Unpublished queries may be resubmitted. Answers to queries are solicited.

### QUERIES

**Norris.**—Wanted parentage of Robert A. Norris and wife Mary Whiting; moved from N. Y. City to Westmoreland, Oneida Co., N. Y. 1809. He died there 1825. Ch.—James, Amelia, Warren, Whiting J., Cornelia, Robert J.—Mrs. James Metcalfe Redfield, 311 North Grand Street, Marshall, Mich.

**Stevens-Bramhall.**—Wanted information on ancestors of Sophia J. Stevens of Scituate, Mass., who mar. Joshua Bramhall 1835; Mother of Mary Frances who mar. Wm. R. Damon and had: Clinton Elbridge, Frank Bela, Henrietta Frances, Ellis Everett, George Nason and Mattie Hathaway.—Mrs. Jess M. McNeal, 27930 Calif. Drive, Birmingham, Mich.

**Craig-Simpson.**—Wanted maiden name and data of Sarah Craig (1st mar.) Simpson (2nd mar.) who died 2-7-1861—buried Lafayette cemetery Philadelphia, was mother of Mary Simpson Mayberry and John C. Simpson b. 1837 mar. Teresa Martin 2-7-1866. Had several sons by first mar. known ones being James Erwin Craig and William Craig.—Mrs. Jess M. McNeal, 27930 Calif. Drive, Birmingham, Mich.

**Stokes.**—Wanted William Stokes b. Oct. 11, 1735 eldest son of David Stokes and Sarah Montford of Va. mar. in N. C. to Sarah Wade dau. of Robert Wade Sr. April 19, 1759 want list of children with dates also date of birth and death of Sarah Wade.—Mrs. H. C. Parrent, 3524 A. West End Ave., Nashville, Tenn.

**Hunter.**—Want information regarding parents of Pamela Hunter mar. 1840 Henry Martin, Stewart Co., Ga. Anne Hunter mar. about 1845 Lud Lennard.—Mrs. A. K. Walker, Cuthbert, Ga.

**Martin.**—Wanted ances. of Kitty Martin b. 1803 d. 1884 (from tombstone) Fanny Martin, Henry Martin m. 1840 Pamela Hunter. He died 1850 is buried in Stuwart Co., Ga. This branch of Martin family is supposed to have come from Va. to Ga.—Mrs. A. K. Walker, Cuthbert, Ga.

**Wine.**—Christian Wine and wife Susanna entered Ohio through Belmont County where he had a tavern at Martins Ferry. About 1814 they moved to Fairview, Guernsey Co. and Christian d. there 1838. Susanna moved to Zanesville, Muskingum Co. where she d. abt. 1863. When she was 80 she went to Va. to collect a legacy left by a relative. Oldest son b. in Md. Want Christian Wine's parentage, date and place of birth and mar. Susanna's parentage and dates.

**Wine.**—Children of Christian and Susanna Wine: George, b. Mch. 9, 1785, Md.; mar. Keturah —. Both died Marion, Grant Co., Ind. Their first child born Apr. 5, 1807. Mary mar. Nathan Shockley; Joseph, mar. Cynthia Heskett, Nancy mar. Spicer Heskett; Christina, mar. James Pack; Elizabeth mar. Gabriel Padgitt, Sophronia, mar. Shelton Heskett; Absalom W. Want George Wine's birthplace, date place of mar., Keturah's maiden name, birthplace, parentage.—Mrs. Edward D. Humphries, Sac City, Iowa.

**Day-Cook.**—Wanted, parentage and ances. of Chas., John James and Andrew Day, natives of Delaware County, N. Y., who settled, about 1840 in Rome Township, Crawford County, Pa. Same of Roxana Cook, wife of John Day, who had brothers: Moses, Joseph, William, Calvin,

Luther, sister Zillah (mar. Lawrence Winton). All except Moses, oldest came to Pa.—Miss Mabel L. Day, 1020 W. Main St., Smithport, Pa.

## ANSWER

**Brewster.**—In the July NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE under Query No. 16102 —I am sending the following information secured from Mr. Osborn Shaw, Official Historian of the Town of Brookhaven, Long Island, N. Y.—Rev. Nathaniel Brewster was the first settled minister of the "church of Brookhaven"—a town church, supported and officially recognized by the Town, until Presbytery got its clutches on it and caused the split in 1719—a split which, in about 1725, caused the founding of Christ Parish, now Caroline, Setauket. Rev. Nathaniel was one of the numerous children of Francis and Lucy Brewster of New Haven and Fairfield, Conn., and grandson of Francis Brewster, Sr., of Bristol, England, who never came to America. Francis, Jr., settled in Connecticut and returned to England on a business trip, but was lost at sea "with Grayson and other divers godly persons." His widow Lucy afterward married Dr. Pell, founder of Pelham Manor, N. Y. She was evidently not among those best accepted by the strict Puritan Colony of New Haven as the records of that colony show. She was in court several times. Rev. Nathaniel Brewster came to Brookhaven (now Setauket), in or about the year 1665 and died there in 1690. His stone and that of his wife, Sarah Ludlow Brewster (second wife) were destroyed about 1777, when Col. Hewlett and his Tory-British troops fortified the Setauket church and yard and used it against the American "Rebels." Of the three sons named in his will, recorded in the "Lester Will Book" in Riverhead, John probably never came here and was possibly in England or Ireland, where his father preached after graduating from Harvard. Of the other sons, Timothy and Daniel, they both settled in Brookhaven and both became town clerks—Timothy from 1688 to 1711 inclusive, and Daniel following him and continuing in office until May 1737. The latter was the most inconsistent speller of any of the town clerks. Timothy married Mary, dau. of a

Zachariah Hawkins. One of his sons was Justice Nathaniel Brewster, and he in turn was the father of Nathaniel, Jr., also a Justice, who lived on L. I. \* \* \* In the July issue 1936 of the American Genealogist, printed in New Haven, published by Donald Lines Jacobus, page 9, can be found a deed dated June 7, 1707, some 60 years after the death of Timothy Brewster.—Mrs. H. L. Fassett, Bellport, L. I., N. Y.



## Bible Records

### RUCKER BIBLE RECORD

#### *Births*

John Rucker was born March 31st, A. D. 1800.

Mahala Thomas Rucker was born March 25th, A. D. 1815.

Learoy A. Rucker was born May 2nd, 1834.

J. (John) L. (Lafayette) Rucker was born Feb. 11th, 1836.

Emily A. Rucker was born Nov. 24th, 1837.

Nelson J. Rucker was born Oct. 12th, 1837.

Cornie J. Rucker was born March 7th, 1842.

Sarah H. Rucker was born Jan. 21st, 1844.

Martha E. Rucker was born May 1st, 1846.

Francis P. Rucker was born June 23rd, 1848.

J. (James) R. Rucker was born March 14th, 1850.

Rutha M. Rucker was born April 25th, 1852.

Thos. Robbin Rucker was born July 19th, 1854.

J. L. Rucker was born February 11th, A. D. 1836.

Lizzie J. Branch was born April 7th, A. D. 1844.

Blanche Rucker was born January 21st, A. D. 1867.

Cora Rucker was born August 19th, A. D. 1868.

James Barton Rucker was born July 26th, A. D. 1872.

Hattie Rucker was born August 13th, A. D. 1876.

Mrs. Nancy Branch was born July 5th, 1817, and died April 17, 1876.

#### *Marriages*

John Rucker and Mahala Thomas were married Dec. 23rd, 1831.

J. L. Rucker was married to Mip Lizzie J. Branch January 18th, A. D. 1866.

#### *Deaths*

John Rucker departed this life Sept. 25th, 1861.

Mahala Rucker died January 2nd 1888.

Learoy A. Rucker departed this life June 15th, 1844.

Sarah H. Rucker departed this life Sept. 10th, 1854.

Corne J. Dail departed this life June, 1875.

Lizzie J. Rucker departed this life Nov. 19th, 1888.

Cora Rucker Harris died March 2nd, 1893.

John Rucker Bible Record in possession of great granddaughter, Mrs. Clem Wilson, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

### THE BIBLE RECORD OF "INDIAN WILLIAM DRAGOO"

The old Bible was in the possession of John T. Osborn, Newark, Ohio, a grandson, and was copied by him on January 3, 1926, and sent to the undersigned.

"This is the copy of the Bible Record of the family of William Dragoo, the one

NOTE: John Rucker was the son of Colby Rucker, Revolutionary Soldier, of Grainger County, Tenn. The children of John Rucker and Mahala Thomas were all born in Grainger County, Tenn. The children of J. L. Rucker and Lizzie J. Branch were all born at Georgetown, Texas, ESW.

taken captive by the Indians; he was my grandfather."—John T. Osborn, Newark, Ohio.

William Dragoo and Rebecca Matheny were married December 1, 1814.

Rebecca Dragoo was born June 9, 1799.

\* Rebecca Price departed this life July 14, 1876, in West Virginia, at four o'clock.

Jacob Dragoo was born September 13, 1815.

Elizabeth Dragoo was born May 19, 1817.

Peter Dragoo was born April 30, 1819.

Ann Dragoo was born March 12, 1824.

Margret Dragoo was born October 25, 1828.

Roda Dragoo was born June 7, 1838.

John W. Dragoo was born June 17, 1858.

\*\* William Dragoo departed this life February 21st, 1856, in his 86th year.

Ann Dragoo departed this life Oct. 14, 1846, at the age of 22.

John W. Dragoo departed this life Oct. 14, 1860 at the age of 2 years.

William B. Dragoo departed this life April 8, 1863.

"This from my mother's Bible:"—Abram Osborn and Margaret Dragoo married the 17th of February, 1845.

Margaret Osborn (my mother) departed this life September 19, 1814, at the age of 85 yrs., 10 mo., 24 days.

#### Letters

\* Rebecca Matheny Dragoo, my grandmother, married 2d, Melville Price and died in Marion County, West Virginia.

"Mother's sister, Betsey, married her cousin, a Dragoo. They had a son William Dragoo.

"Ann Dragoo married William Osborn, brother of Abraham.

"Jacob Dragoo went to Illinois; married there; and that is all we know of him.

"Indian William Dragoo died right here—I can see his grave from my door."

Of the two half-bred Indian sons who returned with "Indian William," one is said to have become a Missionary to his Mother's people. An Indian family of this name was located at one time in the old Indian Territory.

"The other son died in his grandfather's home of tuberculosis."

(\*\*Born 1770. Captured 1786. Returned 1808.)

The mother of Indian William was Elizabeth Straight; her brother, Jacob Straight, was killed in the same Indian raid in which Elizabeth and her baby were killed. Her husband, John Dragoo, married, 2d, a daughter of Josiah and Dorothy (Talar) Prickett. He was a brother of the William Dragoo of your Revolutionary service (sons of Peter and Mary Frederick Co., Md.)—and, traditionally, also a Revolutionary Soldier.



#### Family Associations

**Briscoe**—Sec.—Mrs. Charles S. Baston, 224 East Culton Street, Warrensburg, Missouri.

**Barnes**—Mrs. Mahlon G. Barnes, 3034 Euclid Hts. Blvd., Cleveland Hts., Ohio.

**Buckingham**—Mrs. Marion Martien, 235 Jefferson Avenue, Tiffin, Ohio.

**Husson-Hussong**—Sec.—Mr. Edward M. Hussong, 1017 North Riverside Avenue, Medford, Oregon.

**Dietrich**—Sec.—Mr. William J. Dietrich, 32 No. 12th Street, Allentown, Pa.

**Bull**—Sec.—Mr. Robert McLeod Jackson, 92 Morningside Ave., N. Y. C.

**Van Couwenhoven-Conover**—Sec.—Miss Tam D. Conover, Box 37, English-ton, New Jersey.

**Sullivan**—Sec.—Mrs. Sara Sullivan Ervin, Ware Shoals, S. C.

**Wolcott**—Sec.—Mrs. Blanche Wolcott Hoyan, 1713 Davis Avenue, Lansing, Mich.

**Bartholomew**—Sec.—Mrs. Marie Bartholomew Keller, 814 High Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

**Wigent**—Sec.—Mr. Glen Wigent, 161 W. High St., Jackson, Mich.

**Coolidge**—Sec.—Miss Nellie E. Coolidge, 17 Otis Street, Framingham, Mass.

**Hoffman**—Sec.—Mr. W. H. G. Hoffman, Harrisburg, Pa.

**Lamb**—Mr. Frank B. Lamb, Westfield, New York.

**Bissell**—Sec.—Mrs. James L. Doyles, Bantam, Connecticut.

**Pickell-Scott**—Mr. Earl Heidelbaugh, Quarryville, R. D., Pa.

**Sausman** — Mr. Daniel Sausman, Thompstonown, Pa.

**Seldomridge**—Mrs. Scott Seldomridge, 141 E. James St., Lancaster, Pa.

**Shelly**—Ammon F. Shelly, Litiz, R. D. No. 2, Pa.

**Shirk**—Mrs. Harry A. Buffenmyer, Stevens, Pa.

**Shirk**—Mr. Ivan Henry, Holtwood, R. D. No. 1, Pa.

**Showalter**—Sec.—Mrs. George D. Ferguson, Kirkwood, Pa.

**Shultz**—Mr. H. Edward Shultz, 301 E. Chestnut St., Lancaster, Pa.

**Slaymaker**—Milton Slaymaker, Gap, R. D., Pa.

**Sloat**—Mr. H. Evans Sloat, Reamstown, Pa.

**Smith**—Mr. Roy Bechtold, Willow St., Lancaster Co., Pa.

**Staley**—Sec.—Mrs. M. S. Bickel, Landisville, Pa.

**Stauffer**—Sec.—W. E. Kling, Bareville, Lancaster Co., Pa.

**Steele**—Mr. Horace Steele, Rising Sun, Md.

**Stehman-Stamy** — Sec. — Mr. Guy Stamy, Cambersburg, Pa.

**Stohler**—Sec.—Mrs. Edna Wonder, Litiz, Pa.

**Stoner** — Sec. — Mrs. Elizabeth Grove, Elizabethtown, Pa.

**Stradtman**—Mr. J. Peter Stradtman, 535 N. Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.

**Swarr**—Rev. Mr. John Smoker, Neffsville, Lancaster Co., Pa.

**Strickler**—Sec.—Mrs. Alice Strickler, Mt. Joy, Pa.

**Shenk-Strickler**—Prof. H. H. Shenk, Annville, Pa.

**Summers**—Mr. David Lapp, Gap, Pa.



## Revolutionary War Pensions

**ANDERSON, JOSEPH.** Widow, Hannah. (W. 21615. Certificate No. 17,373, issued June 5, 1820, act of March 18, 1818, at \$8.00 per month from March 15, 1819. Agency, New York. Service, Massachusetts. Rank, Private.)

Application for pension March 15, 1819. Age, 63 years. Residence at date of application, Denmark, Lewis Co., N. Y.

He entered the Rev. Army Jan. 1776, served as a private for one year in Capt. William King's Co., Col. Ward's Mass. Regt.

He also served a tour of 3 mos. in Capt. Banister's Mass. Co. (No date given.)

Oneida Co., N. Y. March 15, 1819.

*Barnebus Cole* declared that he was a Rev. soldier in Capt. King's Co., Col. Ward's Regt. Mass Line and he was acquainted with Joseph Anderson who was a soldier in the same Company and Regt. etc.

March 11, 1819.

*Barnebus Cole* and *Graham Sylvester* of Denmark, N. Y., declared that Joseph Anderson, formerly of Chesterfield, Mass., and who now resides in Lewis Co., N. Y., enlisted in Capt. William King's Co., Col. Ward's Regt. Mass. Line, etc.

Joseph Anderson died June 4, 1839.

**ANDERSON, JOSEPH.** Widow, Hannah. (W. 21615. Certificate No. 7,716, issued Sept. 30, 1843, act of July 7, 1838, at \$40.00 per annum from March 4, 1836. Agency, New York. Service, New York. Rank, Private.)

Application for Pension Sept. 24, 1839. Age, 75 years. Residence at date of application Denmark, N. Y. She was living there in 1843.

Hannah Anderson declares that she is the widow of Joseph Anderson, a Rev. soldier and W. S. pensioner. She was married to Joseph Anderson Feb. 3, 1779.

Sept. 24, 1839, Jared Packard of Den-



mark, N. Y., aged, 65 years, declares that Hannah Anderson, widow of Joseph Anderson, is his sister, her maiden name was Hannah Packard. Deponent was present at said sister's marriage to Joseph Anderson, Feb. 3, 1779, etc.

June 19, 1843, Nicholas Anderson of Denmark, Lewis Co., N. Y., aged, 54 years, declares that Hannah Anderson, widow of Joseph Anderson, was his mother.

Elijah Anderson, who was living in Venango Twp., Crawford Co., Pa., in 1853, stated that he was one of the children of Joseph and Hannah Anderson, who are now deceased, etc.

There are no further family data on file.

BARTLETT, NICHOLAS, S33986. (Certificate No. 1,486; issued June 3, 1818, act of March 18, 1818, at \$20.00 per month, from April 18, 1818. Agency, Massachusetts. Service, Massachusetts sea service and nation. Rank, First Lieutenant.)

Application for pension April 18, 1818. Age, 69 years. Residence at date of application, Marblehead, Essex County, Massachusetts.

He entered the service of the Rev. Army May 1, 1776 as 1st Lieut. on board the U. S. Schooner, "Hancock," Samuel Tucker, Commander. Was employed cruising against the enemy until Feb. 15, 1777 when he left said Schooner by request of the Board of war to take charge and command of the brig, "Penet" in the service of the government to go to France for military stores. Proceeded on the voyage and returned to Boston, July 1777, with a cargo of powder, arms, clothing etc., for the U. S. Army.

He further testifies that being in Holland he enlisted June 6, 1780, a Lieut. under Commodore Gillon on the Frigate "South Carolina," in the naval service of U. S. A. and was employed cruising against the enemy until Sept. 27, 1781, when he was discharged.

June 21, 1818. Robert Pierce of Marblehead, Mass., Sail maker, declared he was in the service and knows that Capt. Nicholas Bartlett served as he has stated in his declaration.

April 20, 1818. George Tucker of Marblehead, a marine, testifies in the case.

Nicholas Bartlett died April 21, 1819. In his obituary notice filed in this claim,

the following is given after his return from France, July 1777, he was honorably discharged.

He afterwards commanded the armed brig, "America" and on the cruise engaged and captured a cruiser of the enemy. He then commanded the armed brig, "Gen. Glover" but was captured and carried to England. From England he got over to Holland and in Holland, June 6, 1780, he enlisted the frigate "South Carolina" as 1st Lieut. under Commodore Gillon, Commander in the naval service of the U. S. A. and continued cruising until Sept. 27, 1781, when he was discharged.

After the peace of 1783, he for a year was in reputation as a ship master and then engaged in commerce at home until the memorable period of the British adjudication, etc.

There are no further family data on file.

LEBO, HENRY. Widow, SARAH. (W. 3349. Certificate No. 4832; issued Dec. 10, 1818, act of March 18, 1818, at \$8.00 per month, from June 13, 1818. Agency, Pennsylvania. Service, Pennsylvania. Rank, Private, Continental.)

Application for pension June 13, 1818. Age, 64 yrs., in 1820 he stated he was 68 yrs. old. Residence at date of application, Lycoming County, Pa.

He enlisted in 1776 at Reading, Berk's Co., Pa., served as a private for 7 mos. in Capt. Heister's Co. Col. William Holler's Pa. Regt., in the fall of the year Lieut. Col. Rouch and Major Bird were taken prisoners by the British.

Later, he enlisted in Capt. Pierce's Co. Col. Harrison's Pa. Regt. and served 18 mos., was then transferred to Capt. William Barret's Co. Col. William Washington's 3rd Regt. of Light Dragoons and was in the battle of Monk's Corner, served 5 yrs.

Henry Lebo died July 4, 1828 in Muncy, Lycoming Co., Pa.

Sept. 5, 1820. Henry Lebo aged 68 yrs. resident of Lycoming Co., Pa., states his family consists of himself, Sarah aged 56 yrs. and a son aged 13 yrs. (no name given).

LEBO, HENRY. Widow, SARAH. (W. 3349. Certificate No. 5888, issued Nov. 10, 1840, act of July 7, 1838, at \$100.00 per



annum, from March 4, 1836. Agency, Pennsylvania. Service, Pennsylvania. Rank, Private of Cavalry, Continental.

Application for pension June 24, 1840. Age, 73 yrs. Residence at date of application, Muncy, Lycoming County, Pa.

Sarah Lebo declares that she is the widow of Henry Lebo, who was a Rev. soldier and U. S. pensioner under the Act of Congress passed March 18, 1818.

She was married to Henry Lebo, May 12, 1782, in Reading, Pa., by Rev. Boas, Pastor of the German Lutheran Church in said City, her name before said marriage was Sarah or Sally Eoff.

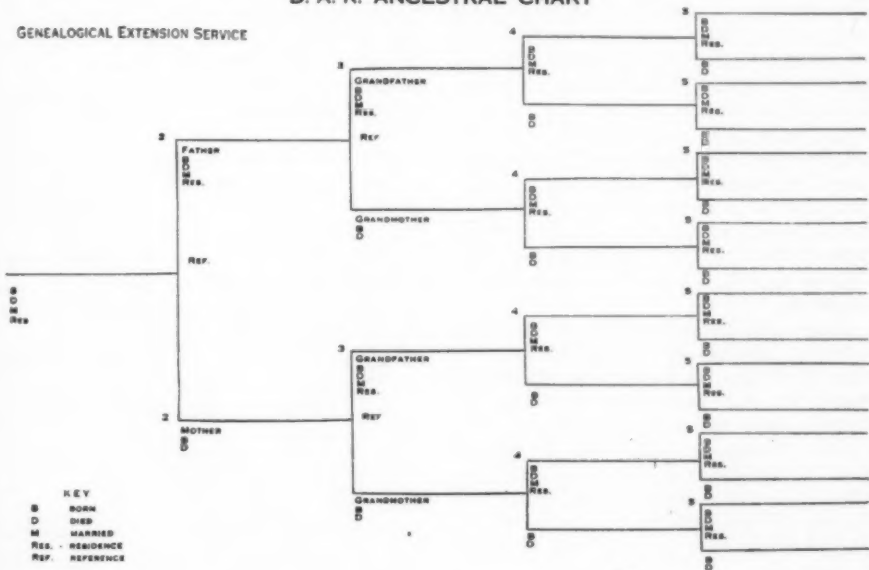
July 2, 1840. John Boas of Reading, Pa., states that he is a son of William Boas, deceased, late of Reading, Pa., a Minister of the Gospel in 1782 and officiated as such, deponent has in his possession a book kept by the said Rev. William Boas, which contains the records of his Ministry and we find in the German language under date of May 12, 1782 this notice, Married, William Lebo with Sally Eoff, both of Reading.

It was stated that Henry and Sarah Lebo reared a large family. (No names given of these children.)

There are no further family data on file.

## D. A. R. ANCESTRAL CHART

GENEALOGICAL EXTENSION SERVICE



USE OTHER SIDE FOR ANY ADDITIONAL DATA

*In submitting orders for Genealogical Extension Service, please fill out chart similar to the above, giving especially the residence of the family in each generation.*

**Special Announcement.** A request has been made that a completed chart be published in a future issue of our magazine. We invite the submission of such charts for this purpose, and a full page will be given to the one selected. Only those which contain every item in the five generations will be considered. Blank charts may be obtained from Memorial Continental Hall at 2¢ apiece.

# Heraldry

JEAN STEPHENSON

*Drawings by Azalea Green Badgley*

## Finding the Coat of Arms of an English Ancestor

COATS of arms began to be used during the twelfth century; but for several hundred years there was no attempt to record them. The College of Arms was established in 1483, and in 1530 one of the Heralds was authorized to make a "visitation" to a certain county, to summon before him those bearing arms, examine their right to do so, and if proven, to record them. Between 1530 and 1686 there were seven visitations of that portion of England north of the River Trent and thirteen south of it. Many of these visitations have been preserved, chiefly in the College of Arms. Copies have been widely scattered; by now many have been published. While not wholly accurate perhaps, they are the most important source of information on English coats of arms of the period prior to the settlement of America. A list of those printed prior to 1933, arranged by counties, is in vol. VI of *The Genealogist's Magazine*.

If the English ancestor has been identified as a landholder or son of one it is quite likely that he bore arms. If none is found for that generation, ascertain his father's name and residence, and see if he had one, and so on, generation by generation. If the immigrant's social or economic status indicates he did not bear arms, trace his line of descent back a few generations and see if the then ancestor was of status to bear one.

During the 12th and 13th centuries, arms were borne by knights; during the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, generally speaking, one holding land in feudal tenure, or the son of such a person, could bear arms. So if one traces to such an ancestor, there will usually be a coat of arms, if it can be found. The earlier the period at which the arms ceased to be borne, the more difficult it is to find it.

Usually the arms used as illustrations in volumes on the science of heraldry are of well-known modern families, or the great barons of the Middle Ages. There are

many books listing 19th century arms-bearing families, such as Burke's numerous works. These will assist to determine whether English branches of the family still survive and where they are. But the older works, or those describing collections of older arms, are more useful.

County histories are a most important source; the Victoria County History Series is of unusual value. Not only does it give the holders of many manors between 1150 and 1650, but often describes or illustrates the arms borne by the family. Topographic works and descriptions of churches, monumental brasses, etc., must not be overlooked.

In such a limited space it is not possible to list even a fraction of the many volumes from which information may be secured. Many of the older works are listed in Sims' *Manual* and Gatfield's *Guide*. A short list of books to be consulted follows:

Society of Genealogists, London: *The Genealogist's Magazine*, vol. VI (1933).

Sims, Richard: *Manual for the genealogist, topographer, antiquary, and legal professor*. 1898. (p. 159 et seq.)

Gatfield, George: *Guide to printed books and manuscripts relating to English and foreign heraldry and genealogy*. 1892.

Boutell, Charles: *A Manual of Heraldry*; or *Boutell's Heraldry* (1931).

Fox-Davies, A. C.: *A complete guide to heraldry*. 1909.

Clark, Hugh: *An introduction to heraldry*. 1906.

Burke, Sir Bernard: *The General Armory of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales*.

Berry, Wm.: *Encyclopedia heraldica*.

Cokayne, G. E.: *Complete baronage*.

Banks, T. C.: *Dormant and extinct baronage*. 1807.

Ellis, W. Smith: *The antiquities of heraldry*. 1869.

Foster, Joseph: *Some feudal coat of arms and pedigrees*.

Nicolas, Sir Nichole Harris: *Roll of arms of reign of Edward II*.

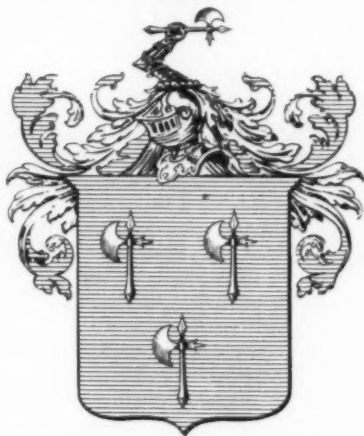
Carlawerock, *Roll of* (1300). Published 1868.

Harleian Society Publications.

Victoria County History Series.

Also consult card catalogue of library in which working under (a) county, (b) parish, and (c) town or village, in which family lived, for histories of such place or publications by record societies.

# Gibbes



*Arms:* Azure, three battle axes, two and one, argent.

*Crest:* An arm in armor or, holding a battle axe argent.

# Valentine



*Arms:* Argent, a bend sable between six cinquefoils gules.

## Symbols for Heraldic Tinctures



THE coat of arms shown for Gibbes is one of the sixteen variations featuring the battle axe and differing chiefly in colors and in crests. Families bearing these lived, with a few exceptions, in the south of England, in the counties of Devon, Somerset, Oxford, Warwick, Herts, Kent, Suffolk, etc.

One variation of these arms is found on a Colonial teapot used by the Gibbs of Rhode Island; another is on a Gibbs tomb of 1767 in Rhode Island. Another was early used by the Massachusetts Gibbs, while that depicted was used by the Gibbs of South Carolina. It is not known, however, whether there is evidence of the descent of these families from an ancestor in England bearing the arms.

In addition to the many variations of the "battle axe" arms, families named Gibbs or Gibbs bore arms of which cats were the significant feature, there being at least four variations of the cat motif; also there are at least two featuring fleur-de-lis, and one with leopards' faces.

THE Valentine arms may be classified into four groups: the mullet between three hearts, borne by the Suffolk family and those descending from it; the chevron charged with lions' heads, of Co. Hereford; the three swords, used by a branch of the Eccles family as early as 1400; and probably the oldest of all, the bend between cinquefoils.

As early as 1305 the Valentine family subsequently settled in Eccles, Co. Lancaster, used the arms here shown. If they used a crest at that time, it is not known. Crests were not always used as early as that, and when used were often changed by each generation. These arms were later used by the Valentines of Bencliffe, Co. Lancaster, who descended from the original Eccles line.

The New England family is known to have come from the Bencliffe family. Descent of the Valentines who came as Quakers from Ireland to Pennsylvania in 1728 has been traced from a branch of the Eccles family. The Valentines who settled on Long Island during the latter part of the seventeenth century are believed to be descended from the Eccles family also.

# PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE



*"It is only an error of judgment to make a mistake, but it argues an infirmity of Character to adhere to it when discovered. The Chinese say, 'The glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall'."*—BOVEE

## IX. MISTAKES (little and big)

WE all make mistakes and I believe that most mistakes are made unintentionally, and in organization work, our mistakes give us experience "to grow upon." They are literally "lessons of wisdom", and much benefit may be derived from these so-called lessons, if we accept our responsibility in the matter, acknowledge the error, and with expediency correct the mistake, whether intentional or unintentional, and from there on go forward into finer and bigger fields of endeavor.

To begin with, I find that the greatest mistake made by Chapters is that they do not keep their own By-laws corrected and up-to-date. Many members have written to me thus: "I am sending you our Chapter By-laws for your criticism and correction—these By-laws have not been corrected since we organized our Chapter about ten years ago." Naturally I found these By-laws wholly inadequate and badly in need of correction.

Then one fact, and it is certainly a true statement and fact, that the greater number of Chapters can not see why "this particular Chapter, way out west, or way down south, or away up in the northern part," can not do just a little bit different from the rest—why they can not be "*a law unto themselves*" in other words. Each Chapter has the idea that they have problems all their own, owing to locality, climate, or environment, etc., when the truth of the matter is none of us have learned to obey laws strictly no matter where we live. Nearly everybody is prone to have the desire to be "*a law unto themselves*."

We are told by Robert that the order of the superior body is superior to the By-laws of subordinates and must be obeyed. The mistake that many Chapters make is that they do not realize that the National Organization Daughters of the American Revolution is Supreme. The National Organization legislates almost entirely for Chapters and provides definitely that all other By-laws of Chapters shall not conflict with National Rulings. In correcting Chapter By-laws, it is a very rare thing for me to find a set of By-laws with the proper provision for admitting applicants to membership. Chapters seem to have the mistaken idea

that applicants join their Chapters first. This is not the fact. Applicants join the National Society through the avenues of Chapters, which are organized by groups of active members for the convenience of the National Society. The fact of the matter is that if an applicant is not permitted to join the National Society she can not become a member of any Chapter, hence, membership in Chapters is secondary. Now the National Organization stipulates Art. I, Sec. 1 "that all applicants must be endorsed by two members in good standing to whom the applicant is personally known". Many Chapters make the mistake of stipulating "that these two endorsers must be members of their Chapter and residents of their state, etc." Chapters make the great mistake of making it as difficult as possible for an applicant to join the National Society, when in truth they should not make it any more difficult than the National Organization does. A name is voted upon by a majority vote of the National Board of Management, hence, the name of an applicant voted upon by a Chapter or its board should be elected "by a majority", and no Chapter is exempt as far as this National Ruling goes.

Another mistake which Chapters seem to make consistently and one which they do not seem to want to correct is limiting the membership of their Chapters. This is not done by merely saying "the Chapter's membership is limited to 100 members" but this is done in many ways and Chapters do not seem to be able to interpret the matter of "limiting membership" correctly. Members should be allowed to sponsor their own relatives and a member in good standing should be able to endorse more than one member per year, and Chapters should not limit the admittance of applicants for membership to "the month of October". It would take up too much time and space for me to enumerate all of the many ways in which Chapters persist in limiting their membership. This is positively against the policies and the rulings of the National Society.

Now while a Chapter is authorized to adopt By-laws they are told that these By-laws must not

conflict with the National Constitution and By-laws. National Rulings are superior to all Chapter and State By-laws, as Chapters as well as State Societies are subordinate to the National Organization. Now while Chapters are outlining their own Chapter By-laws, there are a number of things to consider and there are certain unwise provisions to avoid, and by "unwise" I mean that while Chapters are permitted to have certain rules for the transaction of its business, they should not make the mistake of adopting unwise provisions which may sooner or later lead them into difficulties. For instance, a Chapter may require a vote of three-fourths of the membership to amend its By-laws, but while the Chapter has a right to adopt such a By-law, it would be unwise to do so for many reasons, especially if the Chapter is an old one, and very large, it would be almost impossible to secure such a proportion of the membership in attendance at the meeting.

So, it is an acknowledged fact that Chapters are liable to adopt provisions which are unwise and when doing so they make a mistake, and sooner or later they will realize it.

Robert tells us on page 201 of R. R. O. R. that "no motion is in order that conflicts with the laws of the Nation, or State, or with the Assembly's constitution or By-laws, and if such a motion is adopted, even by a unanimous vote, it is null and void." Now the Art. in your By-laws providing for their amendment can not be suspended. A vote suspending an Article of the By-laws or amending the By-laws and adopting a motion in conflict with the By-laws is null and void. Chapters make the mistake of confusing the word "elect" and "appoint". Robert tells us that "appoint includes elect". Thus, one who is elected may be said to be appointed to office. But one who is appointed to an office by the president can not be said to have been elected to the office." This point I want to make very clear because officers of a Chapter should be elected and not appointed. Your National By-law Art. IX, Sec. 4, states that officers recognized for the Credential registration of the transaction of business with the National Society shall be the Regent, the First Vice-Regent, the Secretary, Treasurer, and the Registrar. Furthermore this provision says, "each Chapter may elect such additional officers as it deems necessary to conduct its local affairs, etc." Therefore, Chapter officers should be elected.

I want to draw your attention to the National Board of Management. The National Board consists of elected officers of the National Society and officers elected by the states respectively. The National Chairman and "appointed officers" do not serve on the National Board of Management. I think that small Chapters make a mistake to try to imitate larger organizations by having as large a group as possible constitute the Board. A Chapter with 6 or 7 officers should be satisfied to have an "executive board" made up of the elected officers. Many Chapters seem to think it is necessary to place upon their executive board (or their Board of Management) all their past Regents and the Chairmen of their standing committees who are appointed by the

Regent. This grows to be a very unwieldy group and sooner or later will be very hard to handle.

If Chapters deem it necessary to add members to their board in an advisory capacity, they should be elected as directors or councilors, or anything you choose to call them, and they should be elected for a certain term of office and serve on the board as any other officer.

A Parliamentarian should not be elected, neither should the Auditor be a member of the Board. The latter should have no connection with authorizing expenditures which he is to audit later.

Right here I might add this bit of information. The minutes of the Board Meeting should not be read in open meeting unless the Chapter orders it. The Chapter may by a two-thirds vote or by a vote of a majority of the members require the minutes of the Executive Board to be produced and read. A Chapter may, by adopting a By-law, provide for the reading of the minutes of the Board in Chapter Meeting, but in my opinion this is a mistake.

I am going to list without any further comment a few mistakes which I think Chapters make and in my opinion sooner or later will find necessary to correct.

1. When there is a provision in the By-laws for the amendment of same, "by the Chapter at a regular meeting, written notice having been sent out to all members, 30 or 60 days ahead of time", it is illegal to consider any other procedure whatsoever to accept those amendments. The amendments *presented to the Board* and "accepted by the Board" is not sufficient and is an illegal act on the part of the Board.

2. It is a mistake, and very careless, to adopt an amendment to the By-laws without knowing what its effect is going to be. Discuss the merits of an amendment and see what effect it will have upon the Chapter as a whole. If you are increasing your dues, then decide *when* and how this amendment will affect those who have already paid their dues for the current year, etc.

3. Don't make the mistake of thinking an "Honorary Presidency" is an *Office*; it is only a *title*.

4. Do not make the mistake of thinking that Honorary Officers have the right to attend Board Meetings "by virtue of the *office*," and neither do Honorary Officers have the right to make motions or to vote "by virtue of their honorary offices," but they have a right to debate.

5. Honorary Officers should be provided for in your By-laws and Robert says "The By-laws should require at least a three-fourths vote to confer an Honorary Office, since the value of such an honor depends upon the difficulty of getting it. And it is a mistake for Chapters to have this provision for Honorary Office and at the same time have another provision allowing the above By-law to be suspended by a unanimous vote. Why adopt the By-law in the first place?

"Mistakes" will be continued in the next article.

Faithfully yours,

ARLINE B. N. MOSS,  
Mrs. John Trigg Moss,  
Parliamentarian.



# BOOK REVIEWS



**Trumpets Calling.** Dora Aydelotte.  
D. Appleton-Century Co. New  
York. \$2.

It is difficult to realize that only 45 years ago there existed in the United States a group of pioneers enduring all the traditional frontier hardships to stake claims for new homes on Government land. However, the opening of the Cherokee strip in Oklahoma which marked one of the last great westward migrations, occurred so recently as 1893.

Out of the adventures and mishaps which the Prawl family experienced in breaking this new land, Miss Aydelotte has constructed a novel, noteworthy for its simple homespun style. At the outset her writing seems crude and jerky, but as the story moves along the reader realizes that this unadorned, almost stark narration is an excellent vehicle for the illiterate simplicity and the humble wisdom of her pioneer folk.

The story opens with the description of the "run" into the new land. At the sharp crack of army carbines the land-hungry horde who had camped on the line all night, plunged forward in a haze of dust and heat. Horseback riders swept ahead, light vehicles plunged forward, covered wagons labored like ships in a choppy sea, and long trains of box-cars crammed to the doors with men and women, crawled over the prairie at the stipulated speed of five miles an hour.

Around the Government land-office was pandemonium. Long lines of weary people waited to file their claims. Water was sold by the cupful, as a burning southwest wind scorched the travellers. Of these restless folk, Miss Aydelotte writes: "These dusty

pilgrims were hardened to withstand such slight discomforts. The iron of endurance flowed in their blood, was bred into their very flesh and bone. Pioneers all, and sons of pioneers, they were sprung from a hardy breed. Back of them were generations of frontiersmen—dauntless fighters who plunged boldly into the unmapped wilderness, clearing dense forests, breaking and taming the tough prairie sod."

Feuds existed between the honest homesteaders and the "Sooners,"—those who cheated in their pioneering, by slipping over the border at night and camping on their claims before the land was officially opened. Dave Prawl's hatred for Jabal Wolfe who was a "Sooner" makes a rift in the Prawl family when his son Ben marries the Wolfe girl. However, that hatred seems to be the only hard streak in shiftless easy-going Dave. He is a common type in our rural communities, now, as in the earlier days,—so absorbed in bringing the railroad and the county courthouse into his town, that all the actual work of homesteading is left to his wife, Martha, who accepts the situation as a matter of course.

The book contains a well-rounded assortment of characters, malicious, pathetic, humorous and semi-tragic. Cap'n Kinmundy, who never wanted to see water again, because of the violent death of his wife and child, Miss Allie Van Meter, who finally captured him, Doc' Childress and Tommy Vest, the lawyer, are all worthy of mention. As a novel, it is a successful expression of the pioneering spirit, and an interesting addition to the saga of the American frontier.

RUTH R. COOLEY.



**"I Hear America Singing," an Anthology of Folk Poetry, collected by Ruth A. Barnes. The John C. Winston Co., Philadelphia, \$2.**

For more than 20 years Dr. Ruth A. Barnes collected the folk songs which she included in the volume entitled "I Hear America Singing". She secured them mostly from the boys who were in her classrooms in various parts of the country and the book is, therefore, essentially a boy's book—as is stated in the foreword by Carl Van Doren.

Nevertheless the volume is one that any person interested in the folk development of America would love to have on his book shelves for reference and for the periodic reading of "old favorites", which most of us enjoy.

Taking the title from Walt Whitman's poem, Dr. Barnes has followed out the Whitman theme and showed that in different parts of the United States the songs are different—with "each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else".

The types of songs included in the book are to be seen in the headings of different divisions of the book as follows: "Hittin' fr the Westward", "Out in the West Where the Riders are Busy", "Homesteadin'", "What Ho! She Blows", and "In the Cotton Fields Away".

Beginning with "The Oregon Trail" and ending with some additions from Canada, the volume is in a way a folk history as expressed in the work songs of the different groups making up our population. Sailor songs, canal ditties, words to mountain fiddle tunes, and ballads as old as "Barbara Ellen" all have been included.

Illustrations by Robert Lawson add to the drama and color of the selections.

CHRISTINE SADLER.

**Adam Symes and His Descendants. Jane Morris. Dorrance & Company, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa. \$3.50.**

This is a collection of family records, made and compiled with the most minute care, to give a connected account of Adam Symes and his family from 1687 to a short time after The War Between the States. Seldom is there to be found in one volume such a vivid and connected account of so

many generations of a Virginia Family. There is a personal account of their overland trip from Tennessee to Missouri in 1832, and their daily life and adventures can be gleaned from these records, as the exploring instinct led them forward, ever pushing back the early American frontiers.

Among the neighbors, friends, and kinsmen of this family many Virginians and North Carolinians will find the names of their forefathers and numerous Symes connections are to be found among the Bullock, Briggs, Walton and Dryden families.

MARY T. WALSH.

**Maryland Revolutionary Records. Data Obtained from 3,050 Pension Claims and Bounty Land Applications, Including 1,000 Marriages of Maryland Soldiers and a List of 1,200 Proved Services of Soldiers and Patriots of Other States. Compiler and Publisher, Harry Wright Newman, 1701 H St., Washington, D. C. \$4.50.**

The data contained in this publication taken from the applications of Maryland veterans of the Revolutionary War, their widows and their heirs for Federal pensions and bounty land are about as complete as it is possible to obtain from official sources. They include the rejected claims as well as the approved. The only exception is the elimination of identified colored veterans and of several native Europeans who had contracted marriages with women not of their race. The information was obtained from the original applications, all facts stated under oaths with affidavits.

In the preparation of this work, a complete digest of the claim, including all facts pertaining to genealogy or clues for the genealogist and to history, was made. Many valuable and interesting items were collected, among which were over 700 Bible records and several militia muster rolls, copies of which were not among the public or official papers of the State of Maryland. Anyone wishing further information or certification regarding any of the persons in this compilation may obtain such by communicating with the publisher.

MARY T. WALSH.

# ★ NEWS ITEMS ★

## *Feature of the Month . . . Floats*



THE FLOAT OF THE GOV. WILLIAM LIVINGSTON CHAPTER, N. S. D. A. R., OF SPRING LAKE BEACH, NEW JERSEY, WHICH WAS ENTERED IN THE "GOLDEN JUBILEE CELEBRATION." THIS DEPICTED THE COLONIAL GARDEN IN THE HOME OF GOVERNOR LIVINGSTON, CALLED "LIBERTY HALL"



THE FLOAT RECENTLY DECORATED BY THE ELIZABETH RANDOLPH CHAPTER, N. S. D. A. R., OF HOLDEN, MISSOURI, FOR A HISTORICAL PAGEANT KNOWN AS THE "HOLDEN FESTIVAL"

### Anniversary Celebrations

The **Abigail Webster Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Franklin, New Hampshire, was an important participant in the recent sesquicentennial celebration in New Hampshire. The pageant parade of "The Ninth State" was held in Concord, and the divisions traced in detail, principally by means of floats, the entire history of the state, beginning in 1638 with the first settlers and tracing its development to the present day. A replica of the Daniel Webster birthplace, complete in every minute detail, was the town of Franklin's entry in the parade, and held a prominent place in the first division of the pageant which was entitled, "New Hampshire, a Colonial Province." A patriotic window was arranged by the local chapter, which was built around a background of the signing of the Constitution. Flags of the nation from the earliest to the present time, furniture and household equipment of early times, and the Constitution printed on a blue silk handkerchief were the chief items of interest.

The **General James Robertson Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Nashville, Tennessee, recently celebrated the one hundred and fifty-eighth anniversary of the signing of the Cumberland Compact at Fort Nashborough, in Nashville.

Mrs. Abbie Morrill Dearborn, past regent of the **Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Salisbury, Massachusetts, was the author of an historical pageant entitled "Salisbury-by-the-Sea" which was recently presented in Salisbury in celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of its founding. The cast of the pageant included nearly two hundred persons, and was indeed an interesting spectacle.

Mrs. Ann Eliza Clark Gulick, a member of the **Aloha Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., of Honolulu, Hawaii, recently celebrated her one hundred and fourth birthday anniversary. She was born in Honolulu in 1833, and during the more than a century that she has lived in Hawaii, she has seen one of the greatest pageants of human achievement in all history. She can recall all the

Kamehamehas except the conqueror—she has seen sugar culture grow from a discouraging beginning to its now dominant role in the commercial life of the Territory—from the days of the whaler and the picturesque clippers, she has watched the floating hotels come to the Pacific, and in the last two years the Clippers of the air-lane.

### Dedication of Markers

A tablet, marking the site of the first log cabin to be erected in Rensselaer, Indiana, in the year 1836, was recently unveiled by the **General Van Rensselaer**



MARKER PLACED BY THE SHREVEPORT 1776-1908 CHAPTER

**Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R., as a part of the city's celebration when visited by the Old Northwest Territory Ox-Team Caravan.

Mrs. Margaret Babcock Paulus, the local regent, presented the tablet to the city, and Mayor G. W. Hopkins accepted it for Rensselaer. Janie and Sally Paulus, daughters of the regent, unveiled the tablet.

The highlight of the Daughters of the American Revolution annual state convention in Louisiana was the dedication of a trading post marker, a gift by the **Shreveport 1776-1908 Chapter**, N. S. D. A. R. The marker was presented to the city of Shreveport by the local regent, Mrs. J. O. Lambert, and Mayor Sam Caldwell responded with an address of acceptance and appreciation. Brief addresses were made by Mrs. J. Harris Baughman, Vice President General of the National Society,



MRS. GEORGE THACHER GUERNSEY, HONORARY PRESIDENT GENERAL OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY, IN WHOSE HONOR AN ORGAN WAS RECENTLY PLACED AND DEDICATED IN CONSTITUTION HALL. THE GIFT WAS PRESENTED BY MRS. LOREN EDGAR REX, THEN STATE REGENT OF KANSAS, AND THE PRESENT CHAPLAIN GENERAL, AND WAS ACCEPTED BY MRS. WILLIAM A. BECKER, THEN PRESIDENT GENERAL. THE TABLET ON THE ORGAN BEARS THE WORDS: "THIS ORGAN IS A GIFT TO THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FROM THE DAUGHTERS OF KANSAS, AND OTHER DEVOTED FRIENDS, IN LOVING APPRECIATION OF THEIR HONORARY PRESIDENT GENERAL, MRS. GEORGE THACHER GUERNSEY"

who was an honor guest at the convention, and by Mrs. A. R. Lacey, State Regent.

At the recent commencement exercises of the Lincoln Memorial University, in Harrogate, Tennessee, ground was broken for the new Creamery building. Funds for the erection of the Creamery were made possible by contributions of chapters and individuals of the National Society. It was one of the two national projects sponsored during the past year, and because it was concluded during the administration of Miss Katharine Matthies as Chairman of the Approved Schools Committee, her name has been given to the building. Miss Mat-

thies and Mrs. Samuel J. Campbell, present Chairman of the committee, were honor guests at the ceremonies.

### *Presentation of Awards*

David Finley of Coopers Mills, Maine, was adjudged national winner of the recently conducted essay contest on the Flag. Judges were members of the **Benapeag Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.**, of Coopers Mills, Maine. Mr. Finley's essay was entitled "The Flag of the United States, Its Origin, Use and Tradition," and was one of twenty-nine submitted to the State of Maine. The one hundred dollar prize was made possible through the generosity of Mrs. Charles W. Watts of Huntington, West Virginia.

The **Mariemont Chapter, N.S.D.A.R.**, of Mariemont, Ohio, has recently presented awards of History Medals and copies of the "Story of the Constitution" to high school students with the highest averages in American History and winners in a Constitution essay contest in two Hamilton County high schools. The Regent of the chapter, Mrs. Clifford Pohl, presented ten dollar scholarship awards to the senior high school girl and boy having the highest averages in the Ohio State Scholarship Test in Hamilton. These awards are to be made annual chapter gifts.

Mrs. John Logan Marshall, State Regent of South Carolina, recently presented Miss Lydia Leitner, a member of the graduating class of the Aiken High School in Aiken, with the D. A. R. Good Citizenship Medal at the graduation exercises. Miss Leitner also gave the Salutatory address entitled, "Our Changing Constitution."

### *Radio Broadcast*

#### DAUGHTERS ADOPT RADIO

Tune in—Write in. The date—September 14th—over N. B. C.'s Blue Network, "Let's Talk it Over with Alma Kitchell," 2:15 to 2:30 P. M., New York Daylight Saving Time. Ask your nearest station to "tune in" for the benefit of the Daughters from coast to coast.

## COMMITTEE REPORTS



## Report of Junior American Citizens Committee

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THE past three years have seen a marked increase in Junior American Citizen memberships, and the Daughters of every state in the Union have become conscious of the importance of organizing the youth of this country into these clubs which are promoted and sponsored by our National Society. The particular value of the clubs may be said to be the building for a finer manhood and womanhood through patriotic education and good citizenship.

The Daughters of the American Revolution have been foresighted always, and in the presentation of this idea to the members, they have chosen to show to this country in particular, and to the world in general, that it is Youth and its problems that are of vital interest and importance to them.

These children, the Junior American Citizens, are American-born children, six years of age or older, regardless of creed or color. They *may* be eligible to the C. A. R. or not, but that does not conflict in any way.

At the present writing, more than 81,000 children throughout this country have joined Junior American Citizens clubs. The benefits they have received are legion. Into the rural communities of the southern mountains, the back country of North Dakota, the mill cities of the east, and the mining towns of the west, the Daughters of local chapters have carried the idea of these clubs, and have come forth to Continental Congress to report progress, interest and enthusiasm.

Wherever there is a local chapter there CAN be clubs sponsored, and I wish there were time and space to relate the many benefits derived from club work. Some clubs are putting on pageants and plays for

patriotic celebrations; others are studying local and national history and government; others have undertaken to conserve the forests and plant trees, etc. The scope of projects is wide and varied.

With the increasing interest among the Daughters themselves for organizing clubs, the National Chairman feels sure that another year will bring bigger results than ever. In many localities clubs are active all summer. Others will begin in the fall with the opening of school. Whatever the plan, now is the time to consider what interest you as an individual have in the lives of the boys and girls in your community. Do you want to see them grow into men and women who will shoulder the responsibilities of your community in a commendable manner? Do you want to see them, as JUNIOR citizens, take an interest in life about them and help in their own ways right now to serve and be a credit to you and to themselves? Whatever you do for these boys and girls, it must be done at an early age, and there is no time like the present.

ELEANOR GREENWOOD,  
*National Chairman.*

## Advancement of American Music



### Through the Year With American Music

WHEN we examine carefully the music that is suited to the months of the year from the seasonal point of view, we find an interesting fact. Autumn seems to inspire composers to write more extensively for instruments than for voice.

Edward MacDowell whom many consider our greatest American composer was not content to describe "In Autumn" as one of his Woodland Sketches. He also wrote of "The Joy of Autumn," prefacing this New England Idyl for piano with these lines:



*"From hill-top to vale,  
Through meadow and dale,  
Young Autumn doth wake the world  
And naught shall avail,  
But our souls shall sail  
With the flag of life unfurled."*

Occasional music for Autumn and in particular for October, includes compositions dedicated to the sea and suitable for presentation on Navy Day, October twenty-seventh.

Leo Sowerby writes for piano of "The Shining Big Sea Water" and Edward MacDowell in one of his Sea Pieces for piano, describes the "Ocean, Thou Mighty Monster" in effective tone colors. Mrs. H. H. A.

Beach, outstanding among our contemporary women composers, has been inspired by the sea in both instrumental and vocal compositions. Francis Hopkinson, our first native composer, sang of the lover going to sea, and many other song writers down through the years have written in the same vein.

The most realistic music of the sea are the delightful Sea Chanteys. These are the work songs of the sailors that they sing as they heave up the anchor.

Another occasion for music in October is Halloween. Generally speaking, the music for this festival centers around the subject of witches.

#### I. SEASONAL MUSIC

##### Piano

The Joy of Autumn, Op. 62, No. 10 ..... Edward MacDowell  
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

##### Violin & Piano

Autumn, Op. 5, No. 1 ..... Ethelbert Nevin  
(Boston Music Co.)

#### II. OCCASIONAL MUSIC—NAVY DAY, OCTOBER 27

##### Piano

Sea Wind ..... Charles Haubiel  
(The Composers Press, Inc.)

To the Sea, Op. 55, No. 1 ..... Edward MacDowell  
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

The Shining Big Sea Water ..... Leo Sowerby  
(Boston Music Co.)

##### String Quartet

Aquatints ..... James G. Heller  
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

##### Solo-voice

My Love has Gone to Sea ..... Francis Hopkinson  
(Arr. by H. V. Milligan—G. Schirmer, Inc.)

Sea Chanteys as published by C. C. Birchard & Co.

#### HALLOWEEN, October 31

##### Piano

The Witches' Dance ..... Edward MacDowell  
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

Cantata; The Witch's Daughter (Poem by J. G. Whittier) ..... Charles Skilton  
(Carl Fischer, Inc.)

#### III. MUSIC BY COMPOSERS BORN IN OCTOBER

A Dream within a Dream—for Solo-voice ..... Oscar G. Sonneck  
(Poem by Edgar Allan Poe)  
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

Chester—From the Singing Master's Assistant ..... William Billings  
(Oliver Ditson Co.)

Suite Antique—for Two Violins and Piano ..... Albert F. Stoessel  
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

Hark, Hark my Soul—for Solo-voice ..... Hamilton C. MacDougall  
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)

Hills—for Solo-voice ..... Frank La Forge  
(G. E. Riccardi Co.)

My Peace I Leave with You—8 Part Anthem ..... Frances McCollin  
(Oliver Ditson Co.)

Vermeland—for Organ ..... Howard Hanson  
(White Smith Music Publishing Co.)

JANET CUTLER MEAD,

Chairman, Advancement of American Music.

# Marshal Ney

**M**ARSHAL NEY so distinguished himself in the service of Napoleon that he will long be remembered in French history. But France does not have the sole claim to him, for America played an important part in his life. Very few history books mention Ney's escape to America in 1815, defending themselves by saying that it has no historical authority. However, if you want to know more about Ney's life, you can find out many interesting things from the old folks. They will go up to the attic and pull out old papers and relics to prove to you that Ney did come to America and live for many years after 1815. Peter Stuart Ney was the name of the school teacher who came to North Carolina and who many people believe to be the famous French commander.

Michel Ney was born of very humble parents in 1769 at Sarre-Louis, France. He was the son of a cooper, a man who makes or mends barrels, tubs, casks, and other similar things. So, you see, he rose from the ranks. At the age of nineteen, in 1788, Ney entered the military service as a private hussar at Metz. Promotion came rapidly as a reward for merit. In 1794, he was advanced to the rank of captain; in 1796, to the rank of adjutant-general; and in 1798, to general of division. He showed himself far above the average in energy and valor. In 1804, when the French Empire was established, Ney was made a marshal of France by Napoleon. He sincerely and staunchly admired the emperor. Because of Ney's skill and bravery in the battle at Elchingen in 1805 he received the title of Duke of Elchingen.

On the morning of December 13, 1812, the remnants of Napoleon's grand army escaped from Russian territory and crossed the Niemen. Ney, who had survived four rear guards of some five thousand men each, managed to collect seven hundred fresh men and held the pursuing thousands in check all day long while the army filed across the bridge. His little band dwindled until he had but thirty soldiers in line. With these falling one by one he fought until the bridge was clear. The men rushed

across, but Ney walked coolly backward, fired the last shot at the Russians, threw his gun in the river, and left the enemy's territory last of all. What wonder that such a man should be called "the bravest of the brave!"

Although Napoleon usually spoke well of Ney, he once said that he had "an ungrateful and factious disposition."

On one occasion, when Ney was going to battle, looking down at his knees which were smiting together, he said: "You may well shake; you would shake worse yet if you knew where I was going to take you."

When Napoleon had been forced to abdicate, in 1814, Ney had gone over to the opposite side with protestations of devotion to the Bourbons. When Napoleon returned from Elba, Ney went to bring him back, but when he met his former commander he and his whole army joined the force of the enemy and fought for Napoleon at Waterloo. It was because he had broken his faith with Louis XVIII that he was condemned to die.

Ney's death was scheduled for December 13, 1815. This is the date most reference books put for his death. But I believe differently—that he escaped to America—and in my belief I will relate what is said to have happened to him after he reached the United States.

T. A. Robinson, in the *Indianapolis Sun* for September 30, 1936, tells for the first time the story that his father, a pupil of Peter Stuart Ney, told him. A French schoolmaster lived nearby Mr. Robinson's father, who was a child at that time, in Iredell county, North Carolina. The schoolmaster used to come over to their house and drink brandy. One day he drank too much and staggered out to the orchard. At sundown some of the servants were sent with a mule to take him home. He resented their efforts to get him on the mule, became very indignant, and said, "How dare you insult me, the proud Marshal Ney, Napoleon's aid?" On their return the servants reported what the schoolmaster had said, but it was thought to be only drunken chatter. Later hearing the report of the

arrest of one of Napoleon's relatives in France, the schoolmaster attempted suicide by slashing his throat, but he recovered. After his death, Mr. Robinson's grandfather said a lot of French documents were found in his trunk that convinced all who saw them that the schoolmaster was Marshal Ney. The story told Mr. Robinson gives this explanation of Ney's execution: When he was sentenced to be shot, he made the request that the firing squad be taken from his own men and that they would not fire until he had finished his prayers. At the conclusion of his devotions he would place his hand over his heart as a signal to fire. This was explained by saying that on pressing his hand over his heart he pressed a bladder filled with blood concealed in his clothing as the firing squad fired over his head. His friends claimed the body, concealed him in a hogshead and shipped it to America. When the ship put out to sea Marshal Ney was released and he settled in Iredell county, North Carolina. He was a master of mathematics and taught military drills.

Another story is told by Colonel Lehmanowsky, a writer, who was a comrade in arms of Marshal Ney. He tells in his writings of their fighting side by side at Waterloo, of their arrest later in Paris, and being put into close confinement to await their execution. Colonel Lehmanowsky miraculously was saved. A friend sent him a file concealed in a cake. With this he filed his way through the prison bars. He in time got on a vessel and sailed for Philadelphia. In his book, "Under Two Captains," he says that one evening he was sitting on his

porch in Knightstown, Indiana, when "an elderly man came down the street looking sharply at the houses as he passed. There was something strangely familiar in his appearance and manner, but the only man he reminded me of had, to the best of my knowledge, fallen dead in Paris a victim to Bourbon hatred. As he came face to face with me the man's face lit up with a peculiarly winning smile, he threw into his bearing the dignity and power of the born commander and in a voice that I should have recognized, I believe, in another world, spoke in French the old stirring words that used to send us hurtling ourselves into the charge. Man, or ghost, as he might be, I knew then that the figure before me was none other than Marshal Ney and in two bounds I was out in the street embracing him. He told me in a few words the story of his wonderful escape from death and of his flight to America and residence here in the South. At his request I introduced him to my family under an assumed name, for caution had become second nature to the "Bravest of the Brave."

These and many other stories are told in an endeavor to prove that Peter Stuart Ney was Marshal Ney of France. And I am one of the number that believe them.

Peter Stuart Ney died in the Osborne Foard home on the right side of the Statesville-Salisbury highway just before one enters the village of Cleveland.

MARTHA NICHOLSON,  
Member of Prudence Hall Society,  
C. A. R., Statesville,  
North Carolina.

## Under Oath

ANNE ROBINSON

*The aster folds white fingertips  
Across a heart of gold,  
And swears to me, through dewy lips,  
"Summer is growing old."*



THIS LOVELY PICTURE HAS COME TO THE EDITOR THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF A CARD BEARING CORDIAL GREETINGS FROM MRS. FREDERICK G. JOHNSON OF THE RUBIDOUX CHAPTER, N. S. D. A. R., IN RIVERSIDE

## *Contributors, Collaborators, and Critics*

**T**HERE are still delightful reverberations, as of music, in this office. **Mrs. DeWitt Hutchings** writes from Riverside, California:

"We read with interest the **NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE**, and note that in the June number one of the bells of our collection is pictured on page seven of the article, 'The Gift of Bells.' We also collect Dolls and Animals of the World for the sake of creating International Friendship among our younger guests and visitors, and have many historical things which we feel sure would be of interest to you. I hope that we may have the pleasure of welcoming you to Riverside.

"In the Mission Inn family there are three Daughters of the American Revolution, the two besides myself being Mrs. Frank Miller and Mrs. Alice Richardson. It would give us great pleasure if you would be our complimentary guest at Mission Inn for a week-end or any days that are convenient for you."

I have a raincheck on this invitation, and I shall not fail to take advantage of it the next time I am in California!

Melody of a different sort is wafted in from Virginia. **Miss Helen Walter**, author of "The Romance of Old Dolls" (in which, incidentally, I don't believe anyone could have been disappointed!) writes with an equal degree of appreciation regarding our efforts:

"Thank you for the **GRAND** introduction that you gave me in the July issue of the **NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE**! It is so flattering that I fear the readers may be disappointed in the Doll Story. That, however, doesn't lessen my appreciation of your great courtesy. I have yet to hear you make a disparaging remark of any one, even of your enemies, if you have any. Through all of your writings that characteristic is always uppermost: to give to the other fellow everything possible."

This comment is indeed music to my ears. I would rather be known as a woman who

never makes disparaging remarks about anyone, even my enemies—and alas! I do have these—than as a woman who wrote the world's greatest book or painted the world's greatest picture. For I have seen more harm done by whispering, backbiting, and gossip than by war, more aspirations blasted, more lives wrecked and ruined, more gray hairs brought down in sorrow to the grave. If my own tombstone can only bear the epitaph "She never made disparaging remarks" I shall feel that I have not lived in vain. For of faith, hope, and charity, the greatest of these is certainly charity.

We have a gratified journalist in our midst this month, too, which is ever rarer, perhaps, than a gratified collector. **Miss Grace McGerr**, secretary of the Newspaper Women's Club of Washington, writes us as follows:

"I am happy to send this note to tell you how much the members of the Newspaper Women's Club appreciate your publication of Mrs. Vandenberg's article on the Club in the last issue of your magazine.

"The article was read at our last business meeting and many favorable com-

ments were expressed, not only about this particular story but about the entire magazine."

And last, but by no means least, we have a satisfied state officer—in fact, we're inclined to put her very high in the order of importance! **Mrs. Philip F. Crutcher**, State Recording Secretary for Arkansas, expresses herself in this encouraging strain:

"Having read my report of the State Conference in our splendid NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, I am naturally quite thrilled.

"I want to thank you for giving us space, and tell you how grateful we are for your kindness.

"I enjoy the magazine so much. As someone else has so aptly said: 'Your vision and imagination have put new life into it.' Congratulations!

"Our Chapter chairman has my renewal—for I feel that I cannot afford to miss a single copy.

"Will you please send me some extra copies of the last number of the magazine? Enclosed is my check."

Melody and still more melody! Truly there's music in the air at this office!



*From a print in the British Museum*

THE MOZART FAMILY



# THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

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# The Approved Schools of the N. S. D. A. R.

AMERICAN INDIAN INSTITUTE	Mr. Robert M. Muir	Wichita, Kansas
AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE	Dr. C. S. McGown	Springfield, Massachusetts
BEREA COLLEGE	Dr. William J. Hutchins	Berea, Kentucky
THE BERRY SCHOOLS	Miss Martha Berry	Mount Berry, Georgia
BLUE RIDGE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL	Dr. George P. Mayo	Bris, Virginia
CARR CREEK COMMUNITY CENTER, INC.	Mr. W. T. Francis	Carr Creek, Kentucky
CROSSNORE SCHOOL	Dr. Mary Martin Sloop	Crossnore, North Carolina
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KATE DUNCAN SMITH D. A. R. SCHOOL	Mr. Wilson Evans	Grant, Alabama
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TAMASSEE D. A. R. SCHOOL	Mr. Ralph H. Cain	Tamassee, South Carolina





MRS. IMOGEN B. EMERY, the new Chairman of National Defense through Patriotic Education Committee, announces that the new Handbook of the Committee is on its way to chapter regents and chairmen. It is available to others upon request for the modest price of ten cents a copy. Its purpose is to give basic information on the various activities of the Committee and to be a ready reference for chairmen and workers.

Mrs. Emery, whose home is in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is a graduate of the College of Law of the Iowa State University. For the past six years she has been engaged in the practice of law and has maintained her own office.

After graduation from the College of Law, Mrs. Emery served for three years as secretary to the President of the State University under Dr. George E. MacLean, late of Washington, D. C., and John G. Bowman, now Chancellor of the University of Pittsburgh. She was the first deputy clerk of the District Court of Linn County, a position she held for six years. For three years Mrs. Emery served as secretary of the Linn County Bar Association.

She has been actively interested in the work of the D. A. R. throughout her twenty-eight years of membership, serving her chapter as Regent, and her State as Treasurer, Corresponding Secretary and State Regent.

Under her leadership the Junior Group movement in Iowa was begun and has now reached the number of 39 groups, all within the chapters. Through the efforts of these young women she has been instrumental in bringing a Tamassee girl to Iowa State College for a four year course in economics.

Mrs. Emery is an active member of the Business and Professional Women's Club of Cedar Rapids and of the State Federation and is also a member of Kappa Beta Pi, the women's legal sorority. She rejoices in a good husband and a fine daughter whom she whimsically says have tolerated her for many years and allowed her to carry on her own activities.

Mrs. Emery brings to this Committee a sound background in National Defense work. She calls herself a conservative with definite convictions as to the necessity for vigilance and action regarding inroads against the basic fundamentals of good government.

## Important Notice

THE RESPONSE to a former announcement regarding requirements for contributions to this magazine has been satisfactory as a whole. However, owing to the ever-increasing amount of material received, the following additional stipulations are essential:

All manuscripts and pictures submitted should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. They will not be returned from this office unless accompanied by same.

Reports of state conferences must reach this office within thirty (30) days of the time they take place. Publication cannot be assured to materials received later than the 25th of any month preceding the month of publication: *i. e.*, reports submitted for the November issue of the magazine should reach this office at least by the 25th of September, to insure publication on the 25th of October.

*No reprints can be used*

# HISTORICAL REGISTER OF VIRGINIANS IN THE REVOLUTION

by John H. Gwathmey

This book of over 800 pages and including more than 70,000 entries gives the records of the Virginia soldiers, sailors and marines in the American Revolution. The data was abstracted from the files of the War and Navy Departments, the State Archives and land books, the County Court order books of the period and a few early and accredited histories and miscellaneous documents.

No other such book has ever been compiled, and it will fill a definite need in every State in the Union, for the Virginians have scattered far and wide. Kentucky, Ohio and Illinois were Virginia counties during the period of the war, and all of the men who fought with George Rogers Clark in the conquest and subjugation of the Northwest Territory were Virginia State Troops. Facts in connection with their service can be found only on the Virginia records.

On March 2, 1913, an act of Congress was passed and an appropriation made "authorizing the collection of the military and naval records of the Revolutionary War, with a view to publication." Unfortunately, when the World War broke out in Europe in 1914 this appropriation was diverted to other purposes, but excellent progress already had been made in assembling the Virginia records. This book carries out the intent of the Government more than a quarter of a century ago, and brings the widely scattered records within the scope of a single volume.

In connection with the names of the men, alphabetically arranged, all essential data is given in concise form. For the officers, in a large majority of instances, it has been possible to establish places of residence, dates of commissions, oaths, promotions, casualties, captures, resignations, deaths, citations for gallantry and other honors, and the amounts of bounty land awarded them. Pension payments indicate where ex-service men were residing after the war.

The introduction is by Dr. H. J. Eckenrode, Director of Virginia Division of History and Archaeology.

Realizing that this volume will see hard usage in the years to come, a paper of rag content has been used, and it is substantially bound.

Price \$15 net.

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## Natchez Pilgrimage

March 4-19,  
1939

Plan now to attend the EIGHTH ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE of the GARDEN CLUB OF NATCHEZ. Among the historic and beautiful houses which will be open are Hope Farm, Arlington, Lansdowne, Richmond, The Elms, Auburn, Montaigne, Hawthorne, and ROSALIE, recently purchased by the MISSISSIPPI SOCIETY, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. The houses are all architecturally famous and contain the finest collection of antique furniture, china, silver, and paintings in the Natchez country.

For further information write

MRS. BALFOUR MILLER, Director  
The Pilgrimage Garden Club  
Box 347, Natchez, Mississippi

# If I Could Talk to You

SARAH CORBIN ROBERT

**O**CTOBER brings a Pan American number. Such a number in October is distinctly fitting. Looking forward toward our Fiftieth Anniversary, our membership should know that our Society, formed to perpetuate the memory and spirit not alone of the men but also of the women who made possible American independence, by selecting as its Founding Day, October 11, 1890, definitely recognizes the service of a woman, Isabella of Spain, whose faith made possible America's discovery. In 1890, October the twelfth fell on Sunday. Saturday, October the eleventh, the anniversary of the day Columbus first saw evidences of land, was chosen for the organization meeting. The resolution is as follows:

*Whereas*, It was the sacrifice of her jewels by a woman that furnished the means that enabled Christopher Columbus to discover America, and

*Whereas*, It was this fact that occasioned the calling of the meeting for the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution on the anniversary of the successful result beyond the hope or expectation of the discoverer; be it

*Resolved*, That the eleventh of October shall be the permanent anniversary or meeting day of the Society.

Sometimes we wonder whether our activities really carry home, whether we are merely "making wheels go round" or really making better citizens. Excerpts from letters of two of our Good Citizens may help us to decide. A Pilgrim of 1938 from a western mountain state writes: "So much has been done for me and given to me that I cannot repay . . . and I shall never forget it. I am going to try hard though to make a success of whatever I enter into, and who knows, perhaps I will have a chance to do for others, things that have been done for me." From a Pilgrim of 1936, now in college, come these words: "The thrill and inspiration of our pilgrimage have never worn off. I think of what it means every day. I became so interested in D. A. R. work at the time of our pilgrimage that I was determined to unearth my family tree.

This summer I spent several days in the historical building in — tracing my line. I had fairly good luck. . . . I believe that we owe it to the Daughters to bond together to uphold the standards for which we were chosen."

Friendly words of appreciation often come from outside sources. Following the publication of Mrs. Vandenberg's article in which she referred to Stratford, our Editor, Mrs. Keyes, received from Mrs. Harry B. Hawes, actively interested in this restoration, a letter which reads in part: "I am, and so is Stratford, most grateful for the article in your Magazine. Mrs. Vandenberg has told the story of our plan for a living memorial, a restoration that helps feed a whole community, and we hope will give future generations a true picture of an early American plantation—as Williamsburg does of the town of that period. With thanks to you for its publication, to Mrs. Vandenberg for a grand story, and with my best regards, believe me, most sincerely, Eppes Hawes."

In the closing months of the last administration the Committee on Conservation urged assistance in making the Olympic National Forest a National Park. The following letter from the Emergency Conservation Committee to Mrs. Turner, our former National Chairman, is of general interest: "You know already probably that we won our fight for the Olympic Park.—We want to express to you our deep appreciation for your splendid support. I know that the stand of the D. A. R. on the Park helped materially to turn the scales our way, and you helped obtain that support. We are very grateful.—If possible, will you get a notice in the D. A. R. Bulletin expressing our thanks to all the people who wrote in about the Park and telling them of the victory?"

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